THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 21 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, APRIL 17th, 1928.

Historical Society o

"SALADA" TEA 857

In remote and distant parts of the world, fine teas are grown—wherever they grow these teas are procured for "SALADA" blends. The best the world produces is sold under the "SALADA" label. Millions know the satisfaction "SALADA" gives.

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Ontario Land Surveyor.
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A number of compaines to choose from.

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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Aglow with the newness of Spring. Recent arrivals that portray all the smart ideas. Fashioned of Sisol, Balibuntal Bakou and the leading straws and fabrics for Spring and early summer.

Tailored and Dress Hats in Lace, Mohair, Celephane and Transparent Hats for ladies and misses. Prices range from

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LADIES' SILK UNDERWEAR

Including Bloomers, Vests, and Nightgowns and Brassieres in choice range of vanity colors. All sizes. Moderate prices.

LADIES' SILK HOSIERY in all shades and sizes. **$1.00, $1.50 $1.75.**

LADIES' SCARFS, the latest.

CORSETS a specialty.

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GOOD CLOTHES!

At a price that cannot be beaten, no matter where you look.

Suits for Men, Boys, and Youths. College Brand with style.

The kind that gives long service.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice of Registration of By-Law No. 509

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 23rd day of March, 1928, providing for the negotiation of an advance by the Dominion Bank to the amount of $130,000.00 for the purpose of meeting the expenditures for the construction and the maintenance of highways forming part of the County Road System of the County during the year 1928, under Highway Improvement Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 54, and that such by-law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 30th day of March, 1928, as No. 93. Any motion to quash, or set aside, the same, or any part thereof, must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 31st day of March, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.
19-d-

FOR SALE—One high-grade used piano, good value. Inquire at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WANTED—Dressmaking. Coats a specialty. MRS. P. CULHANE, South Napanee. 21-ap

FOR SALE—White Blossom Sweet Clover, Government tested, no foul seed. Apply to MRS. W. G. SCHELL, Bath, or 'phone Napanee, 153-r-22. 20-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

WANTED TO BUY--Old furniture over fifty years old, by private buyer interested in antiques, also old china, glass, silver and needlework. Those having any of the above, write DRAWER 180, Napanee. Replies strictly confidential. 18-cp

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that opened portion of Water Street, situate between Church and Mill Streets, in the Village of Tamworth, Township of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and Addington, to be exchanged with A. B. Carscallen in lieu for a road allowance running diagonally across Block N., connecting Mill Street with Bridge Street, at the western approach to the bridge.

JOHN E. PARKS,
20-d Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act.

All persons having claims against GRANT L. PAUL, carrying on business as PAUL'S BOOKSTORE in the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, are required to send same, verified by affidavit, to Uriah Morley Wilson, of the said Town of Napanee, Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of May, A.D., 1928.

The said business has been sold and proceeds of the sale will be divided after the said date amongst those creditors whose claims have been filed.

Dated at Napanee, Ontario, March 23rd, 1928.

U. M. WILSON,
18-d Trustee.

RABIES

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

ALL DOGS MUST BE DETAINED AND ISOLATED.

The following is a clause of a By-Law passed by the Municipal Council of the Municipality of Richmond :

"The owner ,possessor or harbourer of any and all dogs within the municipality shall detain, or cuse to be detained and isolated, all dogs so owned, possessed or harboured by him, and shall not allow said dog or dogs to be at large, or to be off his own premises for and during the currency of this By-Law."

All dogs found running at large will be destroyed.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

SPECIAL MEETING

OF REEVES IN REFERENCE TO RABIES.

Dr. Robertson, of the Department of Agriculture of Ottawa, was in Napanee on Saturday and called a special meeting of the Reeves to meet at County Council Chambers in reference to the outbreak of Rabies. The Federal Aulrorities are asking the Local Municipalities to pass a By-Law to control the situation. If Local Authorities do not take action at once, the Federal Authorities will be obliged to take action.

The minimum Federal fine, under the Federal Act, for dogs running at large is $50. It is hoped that all people in the district will abide by the Local By-law and not make it necessary for the Federal Authorities to enforce the Animal Contagious Disease Act. The better the cooperation by all people, the sooner he quarantine will be lifted. The situation is serious and the regulation controling dogs running at large are of the utmost importance, both for the protection of the Live Stock industry, and of the citizens as well.

Dr. Robertson has asked the County Solicitor to draft a By-law to be passed by the Local Counties. Copies will also be printed and mailed throughout the County, so that all citizens may have due notice of the intention to enforce the regulations, and govern hemselves accordingly. We trust the ocal councils will immediately pass the proposed By-Law.

The diagnosis of Rabies in dogs in the Napanee district has been confirmed by the Dominion Pathological Laboratories at Ottawa, by the examinations of the dogs' heads sent in from the district.

Wonderful value in soap at the One Cent Sale! 600 cakes Jonteel Soap, 25c. a cake, 2 for 26c! This is a splendid buy and a good time to put in 3 or four months' supply. Wallace's, Rexall Agents.

Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MEN WANTED!

Large manufacturing company holding patents, wants to appoint agents for the sale of their roofing products, specialty paints, etc. These Canadian-made products are being sold to some of the largest concerns in Canada. Every farmer and home owner, factory and public building manager will be interested.

Applicants having knowledge of these lines will get preference.

ROBY'S PRODUCTS,
LIMITED
734 St. Paul St., West, Montreal

Beautify Your Home

For approved methods of Garden Designing consult the LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT of

The Belleville Nurseries

179 Dundas Street
Belleville - Ontario

21-tf

WANTED.

An offer on 50 acres close to town.

Several good residences in town.

A good business property.

A farm wanted, exchange for business property.

A good list of farms.

Two farms to rent.

The Peter Pennell farm for immediate sale, 300 acres near Roblin.

Bargain in general store.

Residences in Roblin.

A good pasture ranch.

21-ap JOHN WILSON.

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials

That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

DESERONTO ROAD.

The truck of the Deseronto Canning Co., Ltd., has been kept busy for the last couple of weeks, hauling seed peas to Napanee for delivery to the various farmers who have contracted with the Deseronto factory for the coming season of 1928.

Mr. Escott Rose had a horse badly kicked on Thursday night of last week, by one of his horses that got loose and required the services of Dr. E. Ming, Napanee.

Mr. John McCaul, a former resident of this road, but now residing in Napanee, was a holiday visitor at his nephew's, Mr. Harold McCaul one day last week. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Amey, of Buffalo, N.Y.

An old resident of this road, in the person of Mr. Rant. Thompson, passed away at his home in Napanee on Thursday, the 12th inst. Mr. Thompson sold his farm a few years ago to Mr. Wesley Kimmerly, of Flinton, who afterwards traded it with Mr. Wilmot Oliver, who is the present owner.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

"The Spirit of Easter," which was presented in the form of a pageant in the United Church on Good Friday evening was very interesting. Twelve girls, dressed in costumes representing the different nations, told the story of their darkness The gospel story was told by the Spirit of Easter, the first Easer was described by Light and Life, while Love, Joy, Hope and Peace bound the nations together with bright streamers. Several members of the choir assisted with the musical numbers.

Mrs. Robert Cousins entertained the W. M. S. last Wednesday evening.

Two carloads from here attended the pay, "Back to the Farm," which was presented in Seby on Thursday evening last

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roblin who spent the winter in Napanee, have returned to their home.

Miss K. Roblin was at her home for the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loyst, of Clairmont, visited at Fred Gallagher's and attended the pageant.

An epidemic of grippe seems to be passing through the district.

CENTREVILLE.

There was some good runs of sap the past week.

A few farmers have started to work on the land and will be general by the first of the week if the present weather continues.

The past week has been a week of entertainments, with a few more billed for the present one.

Mr. Runnells and family, our new cheesemaker, are moving to the village.

The Township road machinery is being made ready for work. The grader will start operations next week.

The muskrat catch this season has been a light one.

There is a scarcity of farm help in this vicinity.

Mr. James Weese has again taken up residence in the village.

Mrs. Wm. McGill is much better.

Miss Evelyn McGill returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

Mr. William T. McGill, of Western Canada, is spending some time with his mother and other relatives.

The many friends of Miss Edith McKeown are glad to see her able to be out again after her operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale McGill are all smies over the arrival of a fine baby boy.

United church Sunday school re-opened on Sunday. Mr. Fred Bowen is again superintendent.

Several fish dealers have been through this district.

TAMWORTH.

We had a very exciting fire when the Wheeler house burned down on Monday last.

Many from here attended the dance in Enterprise on Monday evening last All report a good time

Rev. Mr. Morgan left for Winnipeg with his car.

A very nice sermon was preachin the Anglican church on Sunday morning last, by Rev. Erwin, with a celebration of Holy Communion.

Mr. Jack Williams and Miss Emma Williams spent the holidays with their grandmother, Mrs. N. H. Hinchey, Elm Tree.

Miss Faye Clarke, of Arden, visited Miss Euphemia Williams on Tuesday last.

Miss Mildred Redden spent the holidays with her parents.

Mr. Donald Wilson, of Enterprise, spent last week-end with Miss Caroline Lockridge.

Miss Reta Drew and Mr. Jack Lawrence, Kingston, have returned after spending the holidays with the former's parents.

Mr. Orval Richmond, of Belleville, spent Easter at his home.

Miss Mary Williams has returned after spending a few days with Miss Marion Hyland, Reidville.

Miss Hazel McDonald is slowly recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Roger Lee has returned after spending the holidays at his home.

Miss Oive Piper is spending a few days at her home here .

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bell and son, George, have returned to Kingston.

Miss Helen Beckstead, of Ottawa, spent Easter at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Rogers and son, of Toronto, spent Easter here.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
April 16h, 1928.

Council me in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present — Councillors Daly, Kimmerly, Loucks, Tustin.

The minutes of the last regular and special sessions were read and conrmed.

The Salvation Army petitioned for and was granted permission to hold a tag day on May 26th.

Coun. Simpson entered.

Coun. Daly reported verbally that Mr. J. Thompson, architect in connection with the remodelling of the town hall, would be in town on Tuesday and would have all plans and specifications ready to proceed with the advertising for tenders for the work.

Coun. Tustin reported that the parking signs for Dundas street were ready for erection and the stop signs were being painted and names of the streets painted on the backs thereof.

Coun. Loucks reported progress in reference to the matter of street lighting and asked for further time to make a more extensive report.

Mayor Roy reported that he had made a somewhat extensive survey in reference to daylight saving time for Napanee and found that railway men, a majority of the merchants and maybe one hundred per cent. of the retired citizens were against dayight saving time ; while on the other hand factory employees, clubs, and a few disinterested citizens were in favor

Moved by Coun. Tustin, seconded by Coun. Kimmerly, that no action be taken in regard to daylight saving time. Carried.

Councillor Ungar entered.

A By-Law in regard to the sale of meat in the Town of Napanee was introduced, given its several readings and finally passed. The by-law provides that no license shall be issued for the sale of fresh meats, except from a store or shop properly equipped for handling and selling such meats, and no one can secure such a license unless he presents a certificate from the Medical Officer of Health that he has a sanitary place in which to carry on such business. The by-law practically prohibits the selling of meats on the market except by the quarter.

The fee for a butcher's license was fixed at $3.00.

Mrs. G. Switzer and Mrs. C. I. Maybee appeared before the council on behalf of the Victorian Order of Nurses, asking that the V.O.N. have the first privilege of putting on a public entertainment in the town hall when the remodelling work was completed. One was a financial reason and the other was to more publicly place before the citizens the nature of the work the V.O.N. was engaged in.

Referred to the Town Property Committee.

The question of automobiles going to and from the station, driving at a reckless speed, was brought to the council's attention by Dr. G. H. Cowan and the matter was referred to the Police Committee to report.

Moved by Coun Simpson, seconded by Coun. Ungar, that the Department of Public Works and Highway be asked by the Town of Napanee to appoint a traveling police traffic officer, whose duty it would be to travel up and down the highway, between the boundaries of Toronto and Montreal, and visit all urban centres along the highway at different times during the summer season, and enforce the Highway Traffic Act. That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to all urban municipalities between Toronto ond Montreal, requesting that similar resolutions be passed and forwarded to the Public Works and Highway Department, and thus co-operate with Napanee in an attempt to better regulate the traffic within the borders of he smaller urban centres. Also that the Clerk forward a copy of resolution to the Public Works and Highway Department. Carried.

On motion the Police Committee, in conjunction with the streets committee, were given power to act in reference to the purchase of two illuminated danger signs from the Ray Reflecting Sign Co., Ottawa The signs, if purchased, will be placed on Dundas street, opposite the Gibbard Furniture Shops, one on the north side of the street, and the other on the south side.

PATHOLOGIST WARNS ABOUT RABIES AND URGES COMPLIANCE WITH LAW

RABIES INFECTIOUS DISEASE—RESTRICTIONS IN INTEREST OF PUBLIC AS RISK SERIOUS—BY CARRYING OUT REGULATIONS DANGER WILL SOON BE OVER

In an interview with the Kingston Whig-Standard with regard to the present outbreak of rabies, Dr. James Miller, professor of pathology, in Queen's University, said :

"It is well for the citizens of Kingston to realize certain facts regarding hydrophobia or rabies in view of the prevalence of the disease amongst dogs and other animals in the city and vicinity.

'In the first place, rabies is an infectious or communicable disease in the same sense that diphtheria or scarlet fever are infectious. It is undoubtedly due to a germ, but this organism has not yet been isolated. The virus' or germ has its seat in the brain of the animal affected, but it also occurs in the saliva or spit. Thus, if a mad animal bites or licks a human being or another animal, the infection is transmitted by the saliva and after a period varying from a fortnight to several months, the individual or animal will develop the disease. The varying time which it takes symptoms to arise is due to differences in the activity of the germ, the amount of poison inoculated, and the place of inoculation. The poison travels up the nerves to the brain so that when a person is bitten on the face the period of incubation, as it is called, is shorter than when they are bitten in the leg.

The average period of incubation is between 30 and 60 days. Once the animal or individual bitten has developed symptoms, no power on earth can save them from the most horrible of deaths. Fortunately, however, the relatively long period which elapses between the bite and the onset of symptoms enables us to protect the person from the disease. This is done by a process of vavaccination, which we owe to the genius of Pasteur, the great French scientist.

"It should be remembered that, although dogs are almost always the animals which transmit the disease, any warm blooded animal may become infected from the dog and may hand the poison on to man or to other animals.

"It would take too long to describe the symptoms of rabies in dogs. The practical point to remember is that when a dog is acting queerly it should be tied up securely and the veterinary surgeon summoned. It should not be killed, as it may be difficult or impossible to establish the fact of an animal being rabid if it has been destroyed. If a dog is ill with rabies, it will probably die within a week.

"A dog suffering from the disease does not specially wish to bite, but it resents interference and tends to wander off by itself long distances it may be. It is thus that the infection spreads from one part of the country to the other.

In view of the present serious situation, restrictions are being placed upon dogs and owners of dogs. The pubic should endeavor to carry out the regulations imposed on them as they are entirely in their own interest. Inconveniecces of this kind are negligible when compared with the seriousness of the risk. The more carefully the regulations are complied with, the sooner will the danger be over."

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

W. S. Wilson	$ 60 00
W. P. McLaughlin	60 00
Napanee Iron Works	4 06
Ed. Loucks	75
G. Vincent	3 00
Thompson Bros	15 62
J. W. Metzler	20 00
W. Loyst	5 00
H. R. Martin, Montreal	14 50
Madole Hardware Co	2 43
W. R. McGreer	17 00
W. A. Hare, Ottawa	90 00
A. L. Dafoe	210 00
Superior Mfg. Co	5 82
J. L. Boyes & Son	47
Napanee Fuel & Supply Co	81 50

The following accounts were referred to Committees with power to act: F. Maracle, $2.50, Town Property ;W. S. Wilson, $26.20, Town Property.

The usual accounts from the Hydro Electric Commission and the Bell Telephone Co. were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

CAMDEN EAST.

As yet maple syrup has not been very plentiful in the village.

The Easter thank offring meeting of the W.M.S. was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. James Yeomans There was a god attendance and a profitble time was spent.

The Mission Circle held their Easter meeting on Tuesday evening last at the home of Mrs. A. Alkenbrack. Plans were made for a social evening to be held the latter part of April.

A few attended the concert at Newburgh on Monday evening last.

Dr. Nash, of Kingston, was here in his dentist rooms last week and intends continuing the same service each week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hinch and two childrden, of Kingston, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. Burgoyne.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Saundercook and chidren, of Collin's Bay, at James Yeomans' on Sunday last.

Mrs. M. Wagar, Switzerville, with her parents on Tuesday last.

Mr. T. G. Glover, Toronto, made a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. B. Yeomans.

Miss Greta Saul, who has been employed at the Parliament Buildings for the past three months, is home for a limited time.

MOSCOW.

The regular meeting of the Moscow Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Amos Huffman on Thursday, April 5, with the president, Mrs. J. A. Amey, in the chair. The meeting opening by singing the Ode, followed by the Lord's Prayer.

The secretary's report was read and approved. A number of letters were read, thanking the Institute for flowers, which had been sent to the sick. Our summer meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Geo. Lampkins on May 21st. A letter was read by the secretary from the League of Nations. Mrs. Amey asked Rev. Mr. McKenzie to give a talk on the League of Nations, which was very instructive.

We were very pleased to have Rev .Mr. McKenzie with us, also Mr. and Mrs. Laughland from Napanee. Mr. Laughland gave a very interesting talk on flower culture. The members are looking forward to having prettier flower beds in the future. The current event paper was read by Mrs. Lyall Milsap, subject "Making the Home Cheerful." Mrs. Milsap deserves much credit and her papers are always highly appreciated. All joined heartily in singing some old time songs. The meeting closed by singing "God Save the King."

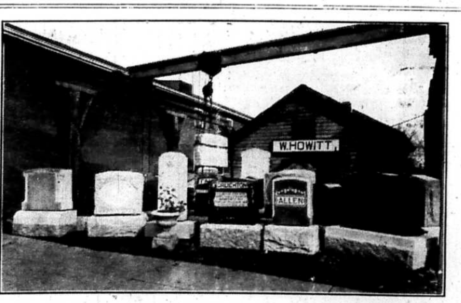
COMING :-: EVENTS

GOLF CLUB ANNUAL MEETING, Council Chamber to-night (Tuesday.)

THE THREE ACT COMEDY, "Slickers," will be presented in St. Mary Magdalene school room on Thursday evening, April 26th.

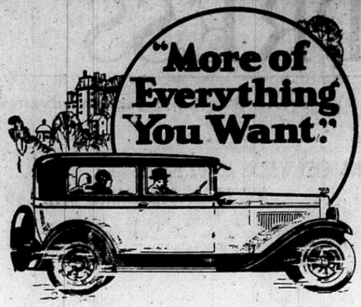
A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

THREE ACT COMEDY PLAY, "Back to the Farm," by young people of Sidney, under the auspices of Grace Church Ladies' Aid, in Grace Church Sunday school room, Thursday, April 19th, at 8 pm. Belleville comedian and singer between acts. Admission, adults 35 cents, children 20 cents.



SHOW YARDS OF THE NAPANEE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

WM. HOWITT, Proprietor.



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CHECK over the features that influence you in the consideration of a car; beauty, performance, comfort, smoothness, safety, handling-ease, dependability, economy!

The New Series Pontiac Six has them all, in a measure far beyond your expectations.

Here are the reasons:—

Powerful, six-cylinder engine, with new GMR cylinder head that gives high-compression results with any type of fuel;

Big, smooth-acting four-wheel brakes! Lovejoy Shock Absorbers that cushion every jolt and jar; strikingly beautiful Fisher bodies, with luxurious upholstery and appointments; exquisite color harmonies, inside and out;

Staunchness and dependability, proved on the General Motors Proving Ground.

In fact, the New Series Pontiac Six has more of everything you want . . . at prices so low as to be amazing. P-14-4-28C

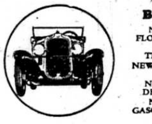
Ask your dealer about the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan which makes buying easy.

LOVEJOY SHOCK ABSORBERS

NEW FISHER BODIES
NEW GMR CYLINDER HEAD
NEW FUEL PUMP
NEW CRANKCASE VENTILATION
NEW CARBURETOR
NEW STOPLIGHT

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

NEW CROSS-FLOW RADIATOR
NEW THERMOSTAT
NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL
NEW COINCIDENTAL LOCK
NEW DASH GASOLINE GAUGE



The New Series
PONTIAC SIX

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS AND THE HOME.

Sunday, April 22.—Mark 10: 1-16.

Golden Text—Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise. (Eph. 6:2).

The home is not man-made, but God-made. A good many modern writers talk about it as though it were a conventional thing, an accident of custom, something that men began and, therefore, something that men can ignore or end if they will. Such moral rebels, or spiritual anarchists, are in revolt against God and deny God's right to establish and maintain His laws. The next step is atheism. There are many persons living today who have taken one step after another away from God, until now they are proud of the name atheist.

In this lesson Christ goes to the heart of home life and human society as He deals with marriage, divorce, and a blessed fact of child life.

The Pharisees, as usual, were trying to trap the Lord by a shrewd question. "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?" they asked. Matthew 19:3 gives the question in fuller form, adding the words "for every cause."

Christ's answer was clear and unequivocal. There is one cause only that can justify divorce, and that is adultery. As D. M. Panton has pointed out, adultery is a sin that automatically destroys and dissolves the marriage relation; it is itself an essential divorce, and so the separation of husband and wife after this sin is only the outward recognition of the separation that has actually taken place through the sin.

The Son of God, who is the Creator and Saviour of men, utters His final, unanswerable decree on the divorce question. In a few crystal-clear words He forbids any and all divorces except for one cause. What a different thing home life would be, in countless cases today were Christ obeyed!

When the Pharisees quote Moses and "remind" One who was before Abraham of the Mosaic legislation in divorce, the Lord's answer shows that He declines to be trapped. "For the hardness of your heart he (Moses) wrote you this precept." God, knowing the incorrigible hearts of His own chosen people during the age of law, directed Moses to establish certain regulations of divorce, rather than that the people should run to wild extremes without regulations. But Christ then goes way back of Moses day, to the Garden of Eden, as He quotes God's Word concerning man and wife, that they shall leave father and mother and "they twain shall be one flesh" When God, by the relationship of marriage, has made the two one, men have no right to make them two again. Only adultery can sever the sacred union of marriage established by God.

Then Christ spoke a final solemn word as He declared that any husband and any wife ignoring this God-ordained relationship, accepting a man-made divorce and marrying another, commits adultery. These are searching words, convicting many today. But the final issue is not one between human beings, it is between the individual and God, to be determined at His judgment seat.

Children are one of the richest blessings of the God-fearing home Young children were brought to Christ and His disciples presumed to rebuke those who brought them. Strong language is used of our Lord's attitude toward His disciples: "He was much displeased." Then, as He invited the little children to Him, He told why they should be allowed to come unto Him: "For such is the Kingdom of God." The child spirit is one of unquestioning faith. Only those who have this child spirit of unquestioning faith toward God and Christ can enter the Kingdom of God.

Is it not significant that the childlike spirit of faith and obedience is held in such contempt today? Innocence is laughed at Sophistication is almost worshipped. Most people want to be "wise" with the wisdom of this world, and by personal experience of all sorts of "self-expression" or sin. Even children and young people today are catching this spirit, and are old beyond their years. Their natural faith is gone; they glory in refusing to obey anyone; they plunge ahead in the mad quest for any new experiences that promise a "thrill" or a "kick." The Holy Spirit predicted that in "the last days," in which we are now living, many should be "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of these that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." (II Tim. 3:2-4)

Only the restoration of the Christian home, with Christ at the head as Saviour and Lord, where he Word of God is read and meditated upon, and all are serving Him and in honor preferring one another, can solve the problems of today.

Fairy Cow for Wales.

White cows are considered unlucky by some farmers in Wales and they sell £10 to £15 cheaper than other cows. The assumption is that they are too like the Fairy Cow, "the milk-white milch cow" of tradition in Wales.

A Kingly Nose of Wax.

Basil I. of Russia had a wax nose, his own having been severed by a sword. Unaware of this, the German ambassador and his suite were once terrified at seeing Basil's nose drop off during a court ceremonial.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

DOES CANADA NEED A FEDERAL FARM LOAN SYSTEM

BY DERMOT A. DAVIES.

In studying agricultural credits we are faced by two aspects of demand. On the one hand the call for long term loans, to run for a period extending anywhere from three to thirty years or more. And on the other hand the demand for intermediate credit, running anywhere from three months to two years, although more generally of one year's duration. It is superfluous to elaborate the reasons for the demand for these various terms here, since they are sufficiently well known to everyone. The two phases will be separated, beginning with a discussion of long term credit.

Mr. Tory has given a very lucid and condensed description of the history and working out of the credit systems in many parts of the world. Unfortunately for us our conditions, both economic and psychological, are entirely different from those existing in the European countries mentioned. Of the two it it perhaps the psychological difference which is greatest, so that we can not expect remedies which suited the French or German peasant with his peculiar temperament to suit the diverse characteristics of the Canadian farmer. The application of this will be seen below, when we notice the working of the People's Bank in Quebec.

The country which most nearly approaches our conditions is the United States. Her peoples are similar, her crops are somewhat similar (having large one-crop areas) and her climate in the northern staes is not very far removed from ours. We could not do better then, than to obtain some information as to he working ou of the Farm Loan Board in the United States. In this connection I have found it advisable to get the latest available information, so that Tory's Report will be, of necessity, of little help.

It may be stated briefly that it is estimated that the necessity arose in the United States for a Federal Board due to the disappearance of cheap lands and the consequent rise in value of all other farming land This is of interest to us, because it is a condition which we must expect to face in the next ten or fifteen years.

From a financial point of view it is undeniable that the Federal Land Banks have paid. They are operating on a 1% basis, and are accumulating a very satisfactory reserve fund. They have also lowered the rate of interest to the farmer. To those who offer the criticism that they are forcing private enterprise out of business, a few figures may be of interest. The Federal Loan Board can authorize private individuals with a certain paid-up capital to form joint stock land banks in any district, in competition with the Federal Land Banks.

In 1921, 21 Joint stock land banks closed 881 loans for a total of $9,334,900; and 12 Federal land banks closed 27,153 loans for a total of $91,029,976.

In 1922, 43 Joint stock land banks closed 15,916 loans for a total of $138,884,779; 12 Federal land banks closed 74,055 loans for a total of $224,301,400.

In 1926, 57 Joint stock land banks closed 100,199 loans for a total of $727,748,388; Federal Farm Loan Board closed 409,570 loans for a total of $1,274,855,666.

These figures indicate the early phenomenal growth of the loans made by the joint stock banks and the subsequent steady growth

There has been some confusion on the subject of the extension of credit by the land banks. There are those who say that they have failed because they have not made credit easier. That, of course, shows little reflection upon the part of the critic, since it is generally recognized that it is not easier credit than the farmer wants, but cheaper credit "The best farmers in Saskatchewan today are not asking for easier credits, they are asking for lower rates of interest, based upon real security which they are willing to give." (Premier Gardiner at Regina). The land banks, then, will not lend unless the farmer can offer adequate security, but on the other hand they are sufficiently interested in the farmer's problem to make sure that he has not the security before they refuse, as witness the very careful survey made when an appication for a loan is received.

The Federal Farm Loan Board has also forced the adoption of the amortization scheme for the repayment of loans. This may, or may not be a bad poicy (there has been much violent controversy on both sides) but it has certainly been beneficient to the farmer, and has been adopted widely by the commercial concerns

There is one criticism which has been levelled at the banks, which is substantially true, and that is that their introducion has not materially altered the number of foreclosures. This criticism has been offered to prove that they are therefore a failure. But we are all too prone to think that a measure must be either a panacea for all ills or it must be a failure. On the contrary, no measure which can be devised can be fairly expected to put all the farmers on easy street. The best that can be expected is that a large percentage of the more efficient will be able to make it pay. It is therefore worthy of note that there has been a decline in the number of foreclosures. The reason for the small decrease will be brought out below.

To sum up the main points which have been brought out by the Federal Land Banks. They have not been a loss to the governmnt. They have lowered the interest rate (and made the rate more general). They have not advanced easier credit. They have encouraged rather than prevented the growth of private land banks. They have adopted the amortization scheme. And they have not materially affected the number of foreclosures.

The conditions in Canada are, as has been stated previously, somewhat analagous. And yet we have one very important factor which is different, and that is the density of our rural population. There are in Canada vast areas of unoccupied territory yet. The farming communities are for the most part small and scatterd (speaking of Canada as a whole). And for that reason we are, as Mr. Tory points out, in the stage that America was in thirty years ago. That is one very serious difficulty about trying to institute any sort of national organization for credits in Canada. This scattered condition of the farming population would in all probability lead to a condition that was prevalent in the United Sates at first under the Federal scheme; namely, that the volume of business done was not sufficient to allow for a profit on the 1% margin.

In Canada (and generally speaking for farmers as a whole) it has been estimated that the farmer's return upon his investment is 4% to 4½%. There are, of course, many who are making a great deal more than that. But the average return may be taken at that figure. With a return so low, it is manifestly impossible for the average farmer to borrow and pay 8% or more. Incidentally, a reduction in the interest rate to even 6% would not enable all the farmers to borrow, even if they had the security. It is for this reason that the Federal Farm Loan Board in the United States has failed to materially alter the number of foreclosures

A brief glance at the experiences of some of the provincs in Canada may reveal some information that is helpful. Mr Tory has gone into the details of the working of the various schemes, so it will be necessary here to take his findings only, verified, where possible, by more recent information. In one particular is this information interesting. That in every province where the scheme (where operative at all) has proved a burden on the public, we find that the largest proportions of the loans have been made for the purpose of clearing previous encumbrances.

In Ontario, where the idea is considered successful, 47% of the loans have been made for the purchase of new lands.

In Quebec, we have a unique situation due to the unity of nationality, religion and habits of the people—a condiion met with in European counries, but nowhere else on the American continent (on a scale of similar size)

In Saskatchewan, the unertaking is considered sound, and the greater number of loans have been made for farm purchae. In other words, borrowing for production purposes is a sound proposition.

In British Columbia certainly, the scheme has been a financial burden on the tax payer, and here we notice that the majority of the loans have been to clear off previous debts.

So much for a study of conditions in the past. What, if any, are the conclusions to be drawn? The first is that any system of government controlled credits cannot be run as a philanthropic enterprise to the detriment of the tax-paying public. It must be on a sound financial basis. The second conclusion is that if, as in the States, the interest rate is lowered, it merely means that a number of farmers who are now unable to borrow because their returns upon investment are too low, will be enabled to obtain crdit for the greater efficiency of management of their farm. In other words, more farmers will be able to borrow for increasing their production. The system will undoubtedly bring a number of borrowers into the field whose security is adequate, but who will be unable to make good. This evil is not confined to farmers alone, as will be clear if we reflect on the number of optimistic enterprises which are started in commercial lines when credit is cheaper.

Looking ahead into the future we are on less sure ground, and it behooves to to be all the more careful in our statements. It will, however, be conceded that Canada will in the future face a marked increase in population, which means a rise in land values, and a probable situation analogous to that in the United States. We have not, however, reached that state as yet, and still we are in a condition in which the farmer's position is of sufficient importance to merit our serious endeavour to alleviate his lot.

Frankly, I do not think that we are immediately justified in organizing a Federal Farm Loan Board for long terms, because the scattered condition of the farmers would not enable it to advance credit in competition with private enterprises at a sufficiently cheap rate to be beneficial to the farmer, and yet yield a margin of reserve to the Board. The time will undoubtedly come when it will be feasible to do so, but it has not yet arrived

There is one question which must inevitably occur to anyone who has made a study of the farmer's problems, and that is, why is he in this position of "utter bankruptcy," as some exponents have expressed it. Prevention is certainly better than cure, and if we can get at the root of the matter we will not need to subsidize the farmer. Many arguments have been advanced extending all the way from the fact that he buys in a protected market and sells in a "world market" to he fact that he works only three or four months out of the year. Some of the arguments have a grain of truth, others are just propaganda. The real cause has been stated in part above, that the average return on investment is only 4% to 4½%. Thus, while credit is an important factor in any business enterprise, that business must be on a paying basis before it can make use of the credit.

INTERMEDIATE CREDITS.

The matter of intermediate credit is one which concerns the bank immediately. In this respect the Canadian banks are in a very favourable position because their branch bank systm allows them a facility of money circulation to meet extraordinary demand, and also the possibility of small turnover at any one branch, the latter advantage being more and more recognizd in commerce generally by the organization of the "chain store."

There have been many charges levelled against the banks. The main one made by Mr. Tory is to the effect that their charter will not permit them to lend on other than liquid security, and as the farmer's needs extend anywhere from three months to two years, with the preponderance of needs being about six to nine months duration, the banks are therefore somewhat chary of lending, or else they have to call their loans in at an inconvenient time for the farmer.

To this the banks reply that they do, and are willing to lend for harvest of crop, seed and live stock, etc., and that thy do, and are willing to renew the notes. Both statements are true under certain conditions. In periods of good prices or good harvest the notes are renewed. But since the local manager is responsible for the loan, he is very liable to call it in at the first sign of poor conditions, which of course does not help the farmer.

To the charge that interest rates are exorbitant, I have been unable to uncover any definite information that they are so (even in the West). It is true in some isolated cases that the rate has been 9½%, but that was under exceptional circumstances, and not a general rate. Incidentally, "store credit' is very much higher, reaching as high as 20%, only as it is not announced the farmer apparently does not feel it.

I think that undoubtedly the recent trend in the direction of co-operative organizations will prove the salvation of the farmer if properly organized. They do not lessen the personal security of the farmer, on which bank loans are so largely made, and at the same time they will enable the farmer to repay his loan more promptly (in the case where they advance a certain percentage of the price to the farmer on delivery of his crop) and the added security to the bank, of knowing that the farmer will get a high enough price to cover the loan, will tend—or should tend—to lower the interest rate. Incidentally, if the farmer can pay his loan off sooner, and get along without it, he is saving the interest.

To sum up the whole situation briefly, I would say that while it is undoubted that the farmer is in a poor position his basic trouble does not lie in credit. As regards long term loans he is entitled to a cheaper rate if it can be successfully secured, but in Canada, at present, this is not possible. As regards intermediate credit, the banks have done their share, but co-operation should be fostered, as it tends to give the farmer increased stability of price and credit.

HEAVIEST-INSURED MAN.

American Is Insured for $6,500,000—Wanamaker Had $7,500,000.

John C. Martin, of Philadelphia, vice-president of the Curtis-Martin Newspapers, Inc., is now the most heavily insured person in the world, it was stated at a meeting of the Tristate Life Insurance Congress.

His total life insurance is now more than $6,500,000, underwritten by twenty-three companies in the United States and two in Canada. The majority of the policies are of the ordinary life class, payable at death. Rodman Wanamaker Philadelphia and New York merchant, was said to have been insured for $7,500,000.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

Ross got the surprise of his life

He had asked Long Distance for a New York number, and planned to dictate several letters while waiting for the connection. Before he could hang up, the operator said:—

"Hold the line, please!"

"Surely she can't expect me to hold this line half an hour!" he said to his stenographer.

"Half an hour? It probably won't be over two minutes. This new speedy Long Distance service is very quick."

To provide increased facilities, many new Long Distance circuits are being installed. Most of them will be in use this Spring. Here are some of the important additions:—

Montreal—Toronto 5 new circuits—13 in all
Montreal—Ottawa 2 " " —15 " "
Ottawa—Toronto 1 " " — 6 " "
Toronto—London 2 " " —10 " "
Toronto—Windsor 1 " " — 4 " "
London—Detroit 1 " " — 4 " "

849

Bees Like Blue.

The colors of flowers attract different kinds of insects in varying degrees.

Honey bees appear to have a decided preference for blue and purple. The insects will visit yellow flowers, but are not strongly attracted by them.

Butterflies are rather more catholic in their tastes: they seem to go to reds, blues, yellows, and whites indiscriminately, though certain kinds visit bright scarlet and orange blossoms more readily than others.

Night moths are especially attracted by white and pale yellow flowers. In the tropics, where birds play a part in pollinating flowers, scarlet is much commoner than other shades. The small birds seem to be strongly attracted by the color.

Cost Is High.

A steamship was recently fumigated at a cost of over $5,000, and seven rats were caught at a cost of about $800 per rat.

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The Express Printing House,
Napanee.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,

Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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Soon—it might be any day—the four chiefs would be dragged out to die by the rope. If the rest were sent away, would it not be to some reservation? And if by chance they got free? Their ponies were gone. Where could they get others? Then it would be late in the summer perhaps. On what would their women and children live? There would be no dried meat for pemmican, no caches of roots or berries, no packed fish, no smoked tongue, no backfat—nothing. And all would go hungry.

The post saw how terrible was the ferment among the hostage crew and, following David Bond's last visit to the stockade, had used extra precautions. The officers' families never entered the sliding panel now, but climbed a ladder and viewed the Indians from the safe height of the board walk. An armed escort went with the rations on issue days. The sentry beats were halved, and the number of watchers thus doubled. And every night a detail entered and rigidly searched each lodge to see that no brave was trying, after the fashion of the badger, to burrow a way out. Squaw Charley alone was exempt from any new ruling, for he came and went when he chose.

Yet he had changed in no less degree than his brothers, though in a different way. The word from Medicine mountain had been a blow to quiver under. For months the outcast whose loyalty the Plow Woman boasted had been slipping from his old time fealty to her, made false by his dream of winning back his rank. In a moment he had seen his chance for honor wiped out. Before him again there lay only woman's work, curses, beatings and a life with the dogs—even worse, to see her whom he coveted going to Standing Buffalo!

He could bear the curses and the cruelty. He could sit quiet under the ridicule that outraged the childish vanity of his kind. He could thirst. He could starve. But, returning to the roof one night, he had prowled yearningly past her lodge and had come upon her and her new lover standing cheek to cheek, close wrapped in a single blanket.

And so this night, while the warriors watched the sacred track upon the sky, he made his way to the river. For there he meant to plead the God of David Bond, that he send him a chance for valor—a chance to slay. Out in the starlight, therefore, he fell upon his knees.

But before his simple mind had framed his petition there entered a thought that puzzled and alarmed. He pondered upon it. The God of David Bond was a God of peace, who frowned in awful anger upon fighting and bloodshed. The preacher had said so. Had taught "Thou shalt not kill!" Had taught that no answers were vouchsafed to wicked prayers, but punishments instead. How, then, could a prayer of that kind be sent to him?

The outcast was dismayed.

Then came a happier idea. The God of David Bond, being a God of peace, why trouble his ear? Why not pray this one prayer for blood to the great spirit he had served before—the great spirit who marked out the destinies of the Dakotas, who was ever strongest in times of war?

Hurriedly Squaw Charley got to his feet and ran to the edge of the bank, where there were climbing lengths of grapevine. Degraded, he might not use tobacco for a rite. But the great spirit would understand. In the dark his hands felt for and found a dry stalk. He snapped off a finger length of it.

A second to take flint and steel from his buckskin pouch. Another to light the bit of vine. Then—

But he did not sit upon the ground with crossed legs. Neither did he pull upon the vine. He let it go out instead. And sank hesitatingly to his knees, for, again, he had remembered!

David Bond had said: "The red man's god is poor and stingy. He lets his people want and starve. He lets enemies triumph over them and destroy. But the God of the white man is rich and good. See how generously he gives to those who serve him! Yet, lest you anger him, have none other because he is a jealous God!"

He might not pray to either then! He lifted despairing eyes and saw above him, divinely luminous, that sacred path, glittering white with the hastening spirits of the dead.

He put a ragged sleeve across his eyes to shut out the sight. It brought a picture he longed to forget—the terrible picture of his downfall.

It was a spring day, and the Uncapapas, to make ready for battle, were dancing the great sun dance. He was the chief Moon Dog then, haughty as any, brave as the next, given to warfare and the shedding of blood. In the great tent it was he who led.

He was naked save for a loin cloth. Coup sticks were braided in his hair. Eagle feathers trailed from his scalplock. The skin of his body was hidden beneath devices.

He signified a wish to suffer wounding, to have willow wands run through the flesh of his back. Standing Buffalo was dancing beside him, and it was that warrior's knife which leaped from its beaded sheath to do the cutting.

And then the wounds weakened the chief Moon Dog. The wands tore his flesh past all power to endure, and he knew nothing, but when the squaws brought him to life again they told him that, like a squaw, he had pleaded for mercy and wept!

For this he was branded, spat upon, cast out and cursed. For this he had gone hungry, scoured kettles and herded with the dogs.

David Bond had come, telling him of one who was bruised, reviled and nailed to a tree. That one was the God of the white man. Broken in spirit, Squaw Charley had accepted him.

Yet—what had the new God done for him? Was his work lighter? No! Was the food not the castoff's still, fouled by the touch and the tongues of others and by the dirt of the pen? Yes. If the new God was good, why had he not saved the evangelist?

The soul of Squaw Charley tottered. Hark!

Overhead a high sailing crane bugled. But to the outcast the lonely night cry seemed supernatural, a hail from one of the departed.

He uncovered his eyes and looked up. Above him stretched the pale, shining ribbon of the Milky Way.

Again the crane sounded its rousing, guttural cry. He shook himself as if to free his body from a chain.

Once more he took out flint and steel and lit the bit of grapevine. Then he sank to the prairie, where he crossed his legs like a brave. Now with deep breath he drew upon the stem. His nostrils filled, he tipped back his head and from them, upward to the path, sent wreath upon wreath of adoring smoke.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE morning in early July Matthews came swaggering into the post barber shop, his air that of a man who is mightily pleased with himself. "Bill," said he as he flung off blouse and hat, "wish you'd mow down this stubble of mine."

The barber set about stropping a razor. "Don't want your mane trimmed?" he inquired. "Strikes me eh—it's pretty long."

The interpreter loosened the collar of his shirt and took a chair. "Never you mind about my mane," he answered. "It's just as long as I want it. You turn loose on my chin." He leaned back to elevate a pair of bright topped boots.

The other directed his gaze upon the sharpening blade. "Do you happen t' know Portugee?" he asked humbly. "One of the boys is loony on a gal at Bismarck that he ain't writ to for a year. She's Portugee"—

Matthews gave a dismissing wave of the hand. "I savvy English and most Injun," he said; "none of them fancy languages, though. I been to school only a week in my hull life. That was down in Omyha, and one week was plenty." At the remembrance he shook with silent laughter. "That week, as I say, was 'nough for me. The teacher—she was a lady, mind y'—tries to tell me that it's the same blamed sun we see comin' up every mornin'. 'Look a-here, now,' I says: 'Don't we git a new moon onct in a while? Then, what's the matter with havin' a change of sun?' Well, that plumb stumped her. She shut up."

The barber was now ready for operations, so Matthews adjusted his shoulders, closed his pink lidded eyes and followed the suit of his nonplused teacher.

Bill felt there was something in the wind and longed to question Matthews, yet dared not. The interpreter, formerly so feared and even disliked, by the enlisted men, was now regarded in B troop as a generally misunderstood and maligned individual—this in consequence of the Lancaster inquiry; hence he was playing the role of injured innocence and seriously taking himself for a popular hero. He was more cocksure and conceited than ever before and more prone to brag and bully. Scraping diligently away the barber shuddered at the thought of even letting the razor slip.

Kippis was less respectful. He entered when Matthews was rising, all redolent of bay rum, and surveyed the latter in mock amaze. "My, ho, my!" he cried. "Hain't we bloomin' fine!"

Matthews wriggled those faint lines upon his glistening forehead that served for eyebrows. "You go soak your head," he retorted.

"And no gun hon 'is 'ip," went on the sergeant. "But w'y, ho, w'y does 'e wear red shirts?"

The interpreter spraddled out his legs. "Folks git rich mindin' their own business," he said meaningly.

Kippis could not forego a last gibe. "Person 'd halmost think you's goin' sparkin'," he declared.

Matthews gave a start, and his keen eyes shot a searching glance at the sergeant's smiling countenance. What he read there reassured him. The other was bantering without a notion that he approached the truth. The interpreter shrugged and stalked out. Within the hour he was on his way to the Lancasters.

He did not go to the shack, however. From the cottonwoods he spied Dallas at work in the corn, so he directed his steps thither. She did not see him. Her back was toward the river, and the sun was glinting on her swinging hoe. Beyond her, on a picket rope, was Simon, the bull. He was traveling in a restless circle and sending lonesome blasts across the deserted prairie. He alone saw the interpreter and paused in his rounds, head raised and eyes bulging inquiringly.

Dallas weeded on, unconscious of a visitor. The corn was shoulder high now and bearded. Its long leaves swayed and whispered, covering the sound of Matthews' approach. But when he was yet some rods off a flock of ground sparrows rose before him with startled twitters. At that she looked back. The next instant she had caught up the Sharps.

Matthews halted and lifted his hat, displaying hair pasted down to a silky smoothness. "I ain't got no gun," he said quietly. "I jus' come for to have a talk."

She made no answer.

The interpreter shifted from foot to foot and mopped his forehead. "I allus been sorry for what I done las' winter," he went on. "I was a blame fool to come scarin' you gals—ought to knowed better. But, you see, when I started nobody told me there was women folks over here."

Dallas took a deep breath.

"I wanted to tell you," continued Matthews. "And—and I wanted to say I feel sorry about you' losin' your pa. Now he's dead, I wouldn't take this here land if you come to me and says, 'Nick, it's yourn.' That's jus' the way I feel—yes, ma'am. I savvy how to treat a lady, Miss Lancaster, gentlemanly and honorable."

"You talk nice," commented the girl.

His looks faltered from hers. He gave his hard laugh. "You're a little out of temper," he said soothingly. "That's natural, though. You had a lot of trouble."

"My trouble's all owing to you," she answered passionately, "and I'll thank you to go—right now."

He put out a hand in expostulation. "Jus' a minute," he begged. "You done me wrong, but I don't hold it agin you. Jus' believe I didn't hurt your pa. And I admire you and your sister, sure I do. By golly! You're blamed sandy!"

"You take big chances to come here."

"Now, Miss Lancaster!" His chin sunk. He wagged his head dolefully. Then, whether from warmth or a desire to display the glories of his raiment, he took off his blouse.

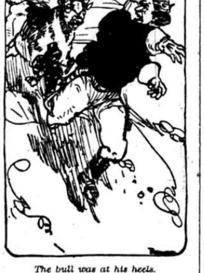
As he talked in a half whine that was meant to be placating Simon suddenly became a more interested spectator. He began to revolve again, and at the very end of his rope, slipping around with tigerish gracefulness, or, the rope taut, he halted as near as possible to the two in the corn, stamped one forefoot angrily and shook his curly head. There, a bold affront, was that blot of glaring scarlet. It awoke in him a long slumbering lust for fight.

But the interpreter did not remark the bull. After repeated praise and condolence he had arrived at the main object of his visit.

"I got a proposition to make you," he was saying the while he cooled himself with his hat. "It's jus' this, and it puts a' end to the hull row—you and me will forgit what's past and done. Eh?" He paused impressively and threw out an arm toward the shack. Smoke was curling out of the chimney. A slender figure was flitting to and fro within the open door. "And if I come to see the little one maybe it'll be O. K.?" To make himself clearer he touched a hand to his mouth and wafted toward the house a smacking kiss.

Sudden fury seized Dallas. Her lips moved.

A few rods away was another as furious, one whose eyes were as red as



The bull was at his heels.

the interpreter's. Simon was pawing with alternate hoofs and tossing dirt and grass into the air. With each stroke he gave a sullen rumble.

"Now," proceeded Matthews, speaking from one side of his mouth, "you and me wouldn't jibe." He giggled with a feeble attempt at mirth. "But your sister, she's a nice little gal, and she'd like me. I'm"—

He got no further nor was Dallas given time to reply. A resonant blare rang through the lanes of corn. Then came the sound of trotting. They turned, to behold Simon advancing. He had jerked up the picket pin!

Matthews saw his peril. With a curse of alarm he dropped coat and hat and made for the coulee.

But to no use. The sight of that fleeing red maddened the bull. His feet stretched to a gallop, his broad horns lowered until his muzzle touched the grass, his tail sprang out to the level of his curly back. With the picket rope hissing across his flanks and with no eye for his mistress he bore down upon the hapless Matthews.

"Shoot him! Shoot"— screamed Matthews. The bull was at his heels. With quick thought he side stepped.

It gave him a brief respite; but, since Simon went on for a space and then wheeled, it also cut him off from the coulee. He tore toward the shack, now. After him, tether whipping among the stalks, charged the bull. Again the interpreter side stepped, just in time and with the dexterity of a matadore. But Simon was more alert and came about like a cow pony, emitting terrible bellows. Matthews fled toward Dallas. His face was a sickly green. His hair was loosened and waved backward in the sun.

"Simon!" cried Dallas as the two went by.

Matthews was winded, and when the bull's hot breath fanned his back for the third time he resorted to strategy. Once more stepping aside and escaping the sharp horns by less than a foot, he followed, and, in desperation, seized Simon by the tail.

And now the bull's anger was suddenly changed to fear. His desire to horn that scarlet thing became a desire to get rid of it. With a bawl of terror he darted this way and that, trying to shake himself free and swinging Matthews clear of the ground. This method failed. At once he adopted new tactics. Bellowing, he raced away through the corn, dragging the interpreter astride of the stalks, plowing up the earth with him, rolling him feet first or sidelong down the rows; but, like grim death and with raucous oaths, Matthews hung on.

Out of the corn to the coulee road they went—when Simon saw the grove at the landing. Among those trees many a pestering buffalo fly had been outwitted; there, where grapevines tangled, many a mosquito had been rubbed away. Quick as a flash Simon made for the cut, with Matthews coming breathlessly after.

The interpreter thanked his stars for the bull's maneuver. The grove would give him shelter. He could dodge behind a friendly trunk or shin one to safety. He—

Simon had stopped to indulge in more whiplash waltzing, and the arm weary Matthews could scarcely keep his hold. "Ma-a-aw, ma-a-aw!" roared the bull. Then, discouraged, he shot forward again.

But now fright consumed him, and he lost thought of scratching free of his tormentor. His red eyes were popping from his curly face. His mouth was wide. His tongue lolled. With great jumps he sped straight through the grove.

It was all too swift for calculation. Matthews was conscious only of a great wind, of an invisible power that bound him to that bull's tail, of a dull roar in the ears, a blur in the eyes—

Simon leaped the hedge of fruit hung grapevines, poised for a second on the brink of the river's caving bank—his feet together, his neck stretched. Then the red of him disappeared, and after it the more vivid tuft at the end of his tail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was old Michael who fished the interpreter from his unwelcome bath. Choking with rage and spewing muddy water, Matthews was hauled into the stern of a pirogue. There, while the pilot rowed slowly to the Brannon shore, he stretched his sorry, bedrabbled figure—a figure in striking contrast to that of an hour before. His handkerchief hung upon one ear, his red shirt clung, his buckskin trousers, dark and slick from their sousing, bellied with water let in at the band; his bright topped boots spurted like pump nozzles, his pale hair straggled and dripped into his eyes.

When the boat touched at the steamer side, he raised himself to look back. Simon was leisurely ascending the cut and reaching to left and right for tender wisps of vine. Matthews gave his hard laugh. "I'll make meat of you," he promised savagely. Then he turned to Michael.

The Irishman was leaning back, steadying his craft against the bank with one hand, holding his stub pipe out in the other. His blowzy face was blowzier than ever. Down it, from his closed lids, ran the teardrops, chasing one another into the black notched cavern of his mouth.

Here was a culprit handy to the moment's anger. Matthews arose in his squashing boots. "You lop eared son of a gun, who you laughin' at?" he demanded.

The cavern widened till the face was split in two. "W-w-w-ah!" gasped the pilot.

"Maybe you think it was funny," said the interpreter, with suave heat. Cunning deviltry disturbed his features, and, stepping forward in the boat, he kicked Michael on a bunion.

Pain sobered the pilot. With a roar of "Howley smoke!" he swung his paddle aloft.

The interpreter was too quick for him. Like a frightened muskrat he sought the water, floundered to a solid footing and waded out. "You will monkey with a buzzsaw!" he taunted. "Jus' wait!"

Clinging to his injured foot, old Michael rocked himself and cursed, but not for long. He was soon rambling toward the barracks, "for," he argued, "there's more 'n wan way t' kill a cat."

In a frontier post news flies with the dust in the air. Soon the story of Matthews and the bull had spread to every soul at Brannon. The line chatted it from gallery to gallery. Clothespin row digested it in hilarious groups. At barracks it set the men to swapping yarns. "I knowed a feller onct that was goin' past a bull pen," declared one trooper, "and he had a pail of cherries, and I'll be darned if"— "But say! Down home one time," put in a second, "there was a vaquero with a red sash that was stoopin' to fix a flank girth, and"— "Why, that ain't a two spot to what happened in Kansas a year ago this summer. The purtiest gal I ever seen—you know them Kansas gals can be purty—she had a wig that 'd keep your hands warm in January. Well"—

When, however, the surgeon recounted the story at the bachelors' noon mess mirth over it was noticeably lacking. To the little circle of officers there was nothing comical in the fact that a man from the post had molested the girls so recently orphaned. And all save Fraser vowed stormily that Matthews would be called to account. The young lieutenant said nothing.

Before the meal ended the interpreter came in. He had changed his clothes and restored his hair to its pristine smoothness. He gave the group his usual bob and smile.

Cold stares answered him—from all but one, who fairly bounded from his chair. It was Fraser, face red, shoulders working under the blue of his uniform. He planted himself before Matthews.

"You d——d blackguard!" he gasped.

The other looked highly amused. "What's got into your craw, sonny?" he inquired.

"You d——d blackguard!" repeated Fraser, and struck out.

An amazed and delighted mess room looked on, for Fraser, the tender hearted Fraser, the pink cheeked "mamma's darling," was battering the interpreter hammer and tongs.

From the doorway the captain's voice interrupted the battle, and the two men were pulled apart. Matthews fell to wiping at his stained lips, which had magically puffed to proportions suggesting those of the colonel's black cook, while the lieutenant was panting and struggling wildly to get free.

Oliver thrust the latter behind him and addressed the interpreter. "I'm not stopping this boy because I don't think you need a sound thrashing," he said. "I'd like to see you walloped within an inch of your life. But I can't have this kind of thing going on."

"I wasn't goin' to tech them gals," lisped Matthews. "I ain't no city tough."

"We shan't need your services at Brannon any longer. You light out."

After that mess went merrily on. "Didn't know you had it in you, Fraser," marveled one officer. "By cracky," added a second, "how you can slug!" The surgeon sighed. "No one has ever understood Robert," said he, "but women, critters and kids."

And now Matthews' blood was up, and under his sloping forehead the gray matter was bubbling and boiling like the soup in the sutler's pot. He hurled out terrible oaths against the shack, against Captain Oliver, against Fraser, against the old pilot. Dallas Lancaster had made a cheap spectacle of him. The commanding officer had ordered him to leave Brannon, the "unlicked calf" of a lieutenant had whipped him out of hand, and the man most ready to guzzle his liquor had gone through the barracks a-blabbing.

He hurried to his room to pack his belongings. "I'll fix 'em! I'll fix 'em!" he raged. "I'll git even with the hull crowd."

He halted at a window and looked across the Missouri at the little shack. "When the reds go to the reservation, that'll do for you," he said. "But how can I soak them d——d shoulder straps?"

It was then that a change in his plan came to his mind. Why wait until the Indians were sent, if—

The more he thought of the change the better he liked it. "One deal and everybody fixed. Land 'll be mine, and there'll be some court martialin'."

He determined to get into the stockade for a last talk with the hostages. If they approved what he proposed, he would promise them his services. Yes, he would. The value of the quarter section had made him fight for the bend. But this was a horse of another color. His pride had been outraged. For that he would have his quits.

His conduct earlier in the day and the fight at the sutler's gave place that afternoon to other and more direful news. A steamer touched on its way down the river and told of the Custer massacre. Not a trooper at Brannon but had lost a friend; not an officer but had lost several. Gloom settled upon the post, and Matthews was forgotten.

He took advantage of that. Before an order went out to prevent him he went through the wicket of the sliding panel and gathered around him the four chiefs named in Cummings' ultimatum. They were more sullen, unhappy and discouraged than ever. A few words and he had them breathless with interest.

"You must look to me alone for freedom now," he said. "There has been a great battle in the valley of the Greasy Grass. Custer, the Long Hair, met Sitting Bull and his allies, and Custer and all his men are dead."

Ho-hos of joy greeted the announcement.

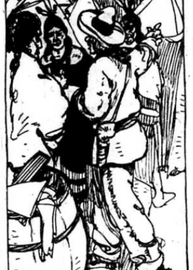
"Yet this is not good for you. There will be other battles. Your brothers will have no time to come and rescue you. Even your friends, the Scarred Arms, will not help, for it is said that the Cheyenne warriors are gone to join the Sioux"—

"What of the two white squaws that were captured?" asked Shoot-at-the-Tree anxiously. "And what of us—is there danger?"

"The women are still with your people, and who knows what may happen soon? So I come to speak of your delivery. I shall get you free—you shall free my land."

"But our women," suggested Standing Buffalo, his eyes straying toward a tent at the stockade's center. "They go free too?"

"That is impossible. But what does it matter? When you are gone your



"You will know by a sign."

women and children will be cared for—put upon a reservation. From there you can steal them back."

"But how can we get free?" inquired Lame Foot. "Tell us quickly."

Matthews drew the four chiefs' heads together and whispered to them.

After a time all rose.

"Shall we have guns?" inquired Canada John.

"No—bows and arrows. I can get them and hide them in my board lodge across the river."

Lame Foot pouted. "Our brothers who are fighting have fine new rifles from Standing Rock."

"Rifles I cannot get," said Matthews.

"But," said Standing Buffalo, "if we cross to your lodge and get our bows and arrows, will not the pony soldiers follow in their smoking canoe?"

"Bah!" retorted the interpreter. "Am I like a pig for sense? The smoking canoe shall be gone."

The chiefs nodded.

"I must go," added Matthews. "There is no time for the pipe. Remember, if you are discovered trying to escape I know nothing of it. Then I shall try another plan. And keep everything from Squaw Charley. He is a friend to the pony soldiers. He may tattle."

"And your reward," said Canada John softly. "It is that the Plow Woman and her sister shall be"—

Matthews put a finger to his lips. "You will free my land," he said.

"When the night comes?" whispered Lame Foot. They pressed about Matthews, taking his hands.

"When the night comes," he answered, "you will know by a sign. Let a warrior keep watch, for it shall come when the moon dies. It shall be the call of a mourning dove."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BISMARCK nearing at last. Since dawn Lounsbury's head had been poked from a window of the forward car. Now he followed it with a wedge of shoulder and muttered a fervent "Thank God!" His face was blackened by the breath of the engine, his hair was roughed by the tugging wind, so that he bore not a trace of the past month's careful grooming. Outside of Chicago he had shed his eastern garb for blue flannel shirt, dark breeches and tall boots. Again he was a frontiersman.

A brakeman entered to call out the final stop. Cramped bulks here and there slowly unwound their sleepy lengths and gazed around. A slim recruit in a front seat who was outward bound to fight Indians wakened with a protesting oath. Other occupants of the car grudgingly put away their card packs, but cheerfully clapped on their hats. A long, hot journey was done.

But Lounsbury when he drew in his head and shoulders delayed his preparations to alight. He reached down to a boot leg and fished out a letter, one paragraph of which he carefully reread.

"As I say, if you look for that rascal, you'll find the right man. He was here, for Charley saw him. 'Who was it?' I asked the Indian. What do you think he did? He crossed his fingers on his nose!"

Lounsbury took a deep breath. "It's likely," he said aloud. "It don't take courage to kill a cripple."

The wheels were yet turning when Lounsbury swung off. His looped belt had been buckled on, and once more his revolver hung handily upon his thigh. As he tossed his satchel to the ticket agent he gave the ".45" a swift look over. Then, with the expression that the Clark outfit respected showing through the grime of the train, he started on a tour of saloons.

In a square fronted groggery his hunt ended. An assortment of adventurers packed the place—mule skinners, soldiers, gamblers, settlers. Among them was a sprinkling of women. He pushed his way through the crowd until he reached the bar. There, officiating in pink shirt sleeves, was the "Babe."

A moment Lounsbury faced him in silence, his cheeks puffing and his chest swelling in an effort at self control. Then, dropping his hand to the ".45," he gave a jerk of the head. "Come out," he ordered.

The "Babe's" squint eyes made separate inspections of the room. He was in the act of pouring from a bottle to a glass. Now, as he held them before him, they tinkled together.

His customer backed away to the door, where it was cooler. The women cluttered at the farther bar end. The other loungers rotated to a position behind Lounsbury and waited, all agrin.

He came loafing out, the sweat standing in huge beads upon his nose. Lounsbury advanced to him, playing a tattoo along the bar with his left hand.

"'Babe,'" he said quietly, "the train goes back Chicago way in the morning."

The other blinked and gulped. "W'y, w'y"— he began.

"You take it," continued Lounsbury. "Your family's getting darned unpopular here."

The "Babe's" diverging orbs popped from his face and again played from side to side.

"Y-e-e-s," drawled Lounsbury. He ripped open the other's vest. Two pistols were displayed snuggling head to head. He plucked them out and sacked them across the room. "The morning train," he repeated. "So long."

"Babe" gave a weak nod. Lounsbury walked out. "Howdy, boys; howdy," he said pleasantly as he went. The admiring crowd returned his salute and rotated back to the bar.

He wasted no further time, but hurried to his store, a saddle roofed building farther along the street. Before it paced a Fort Lincoln officer. Lounsbury stopped him for news.

"You ought to be chuck full of it," returned the officer, pumping the storekeeper's arm, "just in from New York."

"The redskins?"

"Daytime sortie on us yesterday."

"Pretty sassy. How about Brannon?"

"Nothing since old Lancaster"—

"I heard that—Fraser wrote me." Lounsbury gritted his teeth.

"And our poor Custer?"

"Ah, poor Custer! The east's talking about nothing else."

"Awful! Awful!" The officer turned away to hide the twitching of his face.

"Going to Lincoln now?" asked Lounsbury.

"Not right away."

"Then I'm off."

"For Lincoln?"

"No; for Brannon."

"Brannon! Alone? Lounsbury? Why, the Indians"—

"I'm going just the same." He hailed a neighbor to bargain for a cayuse of reputed wind and speed, and in another half hour he was ready.

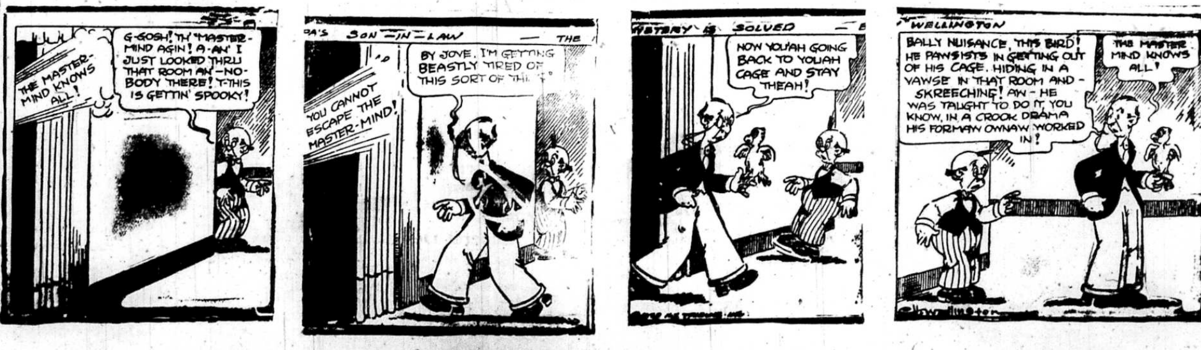
He rode as light as possible. Behind the cantle rolled in a poncho he tied some hard tack, jerked beef and brandy. His revolver was re-enforced by a Henry, which he carried in a holster under his leg. For the ".45" he took fifty rounds. A second fifty, designed for the rifle, occupied the loops of his belt. Thus armed and provisioned he jogged out of town.

Good fortune made the journey almost uneventful. He saw but one Indian, who loped into sight from a wooded bottom and turned tail when Lounsbury leveled his gun. Twice only

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law



THE MASTER MIND KNOWS ALL!
G-GOSH! TH' 'MASTER-MIND AGIN! A-AN' I JUST LOOKED THRU THAT ROOM AN-NO-BODY THERE! T-THIS IS GETTIN' SPOOKY!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW — THE
BY JOVE, I'M GETTING BEASTLY TIRED OF THIS SORT OF THING!
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE MASTER-MIND!
MYSTERY IS SOLVED — B
NOW YOU'AH GOING BACK TO YOUAH CAGE AND STAY THEAH!
WELLINGTON
BALLY NUISANCE, THIS BIRD! HE PAWSISTS IN GETTING OUT OF HIS CAGE, HIDING IN A VAWSE IN THAT ROOM AND - SKREECHING! AN - HE WAS TAUGHT TO DO IT, YOU KNOW, IN A CROOK DRAMA HIS FORMAH OWNAH WORKED IN!
THE MASTER MIND KNOWS ALL!

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Pie Social and Comedy Drama.

At Empey Hill church, on Thursday, April 19th, at 8 p.m., the comedy drama, "Headstrong Joan," will be presented by Big Creek Dramatic Club, followed by a pie social. Admission 35c.

"Back to the Farm."

A comedy drama in 3 acts, will be given in the Parish Hall, Adolphustown, on Friday, April 20th, by Dorland Dramatic Club, under auspices of Women's Institute. Admission 35c. and 15c. Hayburn Orchestra. Dance after the play. 20-b

Auction Sale.

The following articles belonging to the estate of the late Franklin S. Wilson, will be offered for sale at the close of Mr. Daniel Mooney's sale, on April 18th, at 1 p.m., two miles south, on the Hamburgh road: 1 walnut sideboard, with mirror, 1 chest of drawers, 1 old Singer sewing machine, 1 old rocking chair, 1 carpet, 2 kitchen chairs, 2 bedsteads and one set of springs, 1 wash stand and kitchen table, fall leaf, 1 book case, 1 chandelier with 2 lamps, 2 box stoves and one small heater.

T B. GERMAN,
Agent.

Dated April 12th, 1928. 21-ap

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9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Our Suppositions."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Sermon, "And He Brought Him to Jesus."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed. Orders left will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bridge Street East.
19-d A. S. HAMILTON.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of stock holders of Napanee Driving Park will be held in the Secretary's office on Monday, April 23rd, at 7.30 p.m.

J. L BOYES, Sec'y.

A Household Necessity.

Sewing Machines, White and Eldrige Rotary. Sews fast and easy running, and stitches faster and better than the old styles. At R. B. ALLEN'S STORE, Napanee, Ont. 21-c

Friday, April 27th.

Dr. Florence Murray, of Hamhung, Korea, one of the most outstanding young missionaries of the United Church W.M.S. will address a mass meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Napanee, on Friday, April 27th, at 3 p.m. People of the town and community are cordially invited to be present; for it is not often a missionary speaker of Dr. Murray's ability is available. 21-b

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark will sell for Dan Mooney, on pt. lots 18 and 19, North Fredericksburgh, 2 miles from Napanee on Hamburgh road, on Wednesday, April 18th, at 1 p.m., bay horse, 4 grade Holstein cows, yearling heifer, binder, mower, cultivator, plows, horse rake, disc drill, scuffler, drag, sleighs, cutter, lumber wagon, harness, 10 tons hay and straw, hens, Incubator and brooder, Bluebell separator, some household furniture. Usual terms.

Colebrook Ladies' Aid.

The regular monthly meeting of Colebrook Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. A. Hart, on April 4th, with a large number in attendance. The meeting was conducted by the president, Mrs. E. Purcell. After the devotional exercise and reading of the minutes of previous meeting, several good readings were given. Meeting closed by repeating the Mizpah benediction to meet at Mrs. E. McKnight's in May. Dainty lunch was served by the hostess and social committee and enjoyed by all.

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Sand Hill Church: Public Worship 11 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

W. M. S. MEETINGS

MORVEN.

The public Easter meeting was held in the White Church on Easter Monday at 7.30 p.m., with a fair attendance of members and visitors. The president opened the meeting by reading from Matthew 28, 5 to 9. All joined in the Watchword and singing of hymn 184. The responsive leaflet was led by Mrs. C. L. Sharp and was followed by prayer by Rev. W. R. Merrick. The secretary, Mrs. E. Lund, called the roll, at which seventeen members responded with Easter thoughts. A quartette was given by Mrs. Merrick, Miss Babcock, Mr. Babcock and Mr. G. Fralick, after which hymn 95 was sung. Mrs. G. Clark read "Mrs. Leland's Resurrection Week," which was full of practical suggestions for all. Mrs. Winters and Mr. Fralick sang an Easter number. Mrs J. F. Lake read "Mrs. Morgan's Quarter," which emphasized the spirit of giving. The offering was received, hymn 137 sung, and the meeting closed with the Mizpah benediction. Lunch was served to all.

WILTON.

The Wilton W. M. S. gave the sacred drama "The Challenge of the Cross" to an appreciative audience in the United Church on Good Friday evening. The quartette opened the entertainment by singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," after which the pastor, Mr. McQuade, read the story of the Cross. The quartette gave another selection. The drama in which Miss G. Wallace had the leading character and the other ladies very effectively took their parts was splendidly presented. A full choir supplied the accompanying music, which was very beautiful. The Easter envelopes were given in with the offering. "The Travelling Basket" was placed in the Hall so that everyone might have the privilege of contributing to that good work.

ST. ANDREW'S W.M.S.

The regular Auxiliary meeting was held on Friday afternoon, April 13th. After a short prayer service, the first part of the meeting was concerning Easter, a Scripture reading by Mrs. Kelly, prayer by Mrs. Gilbride, an Easter reading by Mrs. Valkman and approprite hymns.

The minutes were read and approved and the Treasurer's report received. It was announced that Dr. Florence Murray, of Korea, one of the most outstanding young missionaries on the whole missionary list, is coming from the Maritimes for a three weeks' tour in Ontario and will address a mass meeting in St. Andrew's church on Friday, April 27th, at 3 p.m. The members were urged to take advantage of this and bring their friends.

The offering was dedicated by Mrs. Howitt. The Misses Lancaster played a piano duett, and also with Miss Beatrice Valkman sang a trio, "Was that Somebody You?", both numbers being much appreciated.

Mrs. Conway then gave an excellent introduction to the new study book, "The Christ of the Indian Road" and a synopsis of the first chapter. This is the second book studied by the Auxiliary since last September, both of which have given the members a grasp of world conditions in general and not merely from a missionary standpoint. Mrs. Conway's interesting paper was carefuly prepared, ably given and of much benefit to all.

The meeting closed with the Mizpah benediction, after which tea was served by the Committee in charge, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. McMurrin and Miss Rook.

At Wallace's One Cent sale (the 1st three days of this week) 1c. will buy a 2-year guaranteed hot water bottle; a 75c bottle Asa (formerly called Aspirin Tablets); a 50c. bottle Riker's Milk of Magnesia; a dollar bottle Russian Oil; a box Rexall Orderlies; a dollar bottle Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil; a box of Meloids; a 50c. tin of Health Salts; a 15c. tin of Puretest Epsom Salts; a lycAwo'h doug nee.upapao.oN-HR 25c. tube A. P. C. tablets; a 75c. bottle Old English Lavender Bath Salts; a pound of writing paper; a dollar bottle of Beef Iron and Wine. Remember the dates! Bring your baskets Wallace's, Rexall Agents.

Choice Flower —and— Vegetable Seeds

We have in stock a full line of SEEDS, ROOTS and BULBS. Will also take orders for any kind of field seeds wanted.

Cut Flowers
Wedding and
Funeral Designs

M. L. ALLINGHAM

Market Square,
Next to Paisley House.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

A BAD HABIT WHICH SHOULD BE STOPPED.

All babies acquire habits very readily, regardless of whether the habits are good or bad. A baby who is rocked to sleep a few times soon refuses to go to sleep without such attention. The "Comfort," of all habits, is the most filthy and inexcusable.

No mother would think of exposing her baby to any communicabe disease, but she does so if she allows her child to use a "comfort." The "comfort" may fall to the floor or sidewalk, it may be touched by other hands, it may rub against other things, flies may walk over it or, in many other ways it may become soiled with disease germs and carry them into the mouth of the child.

When a child is given the "comfort" to send him to seep, it generally drops from the mouth when the child is asleep, and frequently it becomes the resting-place for flies which may have come from any filthy place. When the child awakes and cries, the mother rushes to the baby and places this soiled thing in his mouth.

The baby cries for the "comfort" because it has become a habit. If he were never given one, he would never want one. It is not natural for a child to have something in the mouth all the time. Sucking a "comfort" does not soothe a child after a few minutes. It tires him and makes him irritable. Like the constant chewing of gum or sucking a dry pipe, it causes an unnatural flow of saliva. The Swallowing of this and the movement of the jaws cause an uncomfortable feeling like a hard lump back of the throat.

Continued use of the "comfort" alters the arch of the mouth and frequently causes projecting upper teeth, with a short, tight upper lip. This often means that the jaws are not of a normal shape or appearance, and proper chewing of food is difficult, if not impossible.

There is only one place for any and all styles of "comforts"—the fire or the garbage pail, never baby's mouth.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

CAMERA HUNTER TO "SHOOT" GAME IN JASPER PARK

MAJOR DUGMORE PLANS TRIP INTO CANADIAN ROCKIES—HAS HUNTED BIG GAME IN AFRICA AND ASIA.

New York City, April 16.—The moving picture camera and not the death spitting rifle, is the weapon of Major A. Radyclifffe Dugmore, well known wild animal photographer of England, who has reached America after an extensive expedition through the wilds of Africa, during the course of which he recorded on film the habits of animals ranging from the nimble and elusive gazelle to the ponderous and fiery rhinoceros.

To round off his experience of game photography on four continents, Major Dugmore is considering spending the coming summer on a two or three months' journey by pack horse through the mountains of Jasper Park, Alberta, where he will be able to "shoot" Rocky Mountain sheep, goat, caribou and bear. Along the Snake Indian, the Smoky and the Brazeau rivers, in the northern and eastern regions of this 5300 sq. mile game preserve, the abundance of wild life overflows into adjoining territories, where, each fall, it lures many hunting parties.

Major Dugmore would probably commence his journey from Berg Lake, at the foot of Mount Robson, (12,972 feet), the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. With him will be his wife and daughter, "Bobs" Dugmore. The latter is as keen a camera enthusiast as her father. Since her fournteenth year, she has been with him on his quest of game photography.

When he was seventeen, Major Dugmore had hunted with his rifle in Africa, Asia and America. He, however, holds no brief for the slaughter of game with firearms. The camera, he states, offers better sport, provides more effective and durable trophies and demands greater skill in stalking. The man who is taking pictures must be able to creep close to his quarry and remain there, watching, waiting and unobserved.

The proportion of camera hunters going into the mountains in Jasper Park is steadiy increasing. So much is this the case that Stanley Clark, guide and outfitter at Entrance, Alberta, now supplies each trail party leaving his "due ranch" at that point, with a moving picture camera with which they may film a record of their trip and of the wild life they encounter along the way.

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS

You Can Get

Custom Hatching, Baby Chicks, Incubators (new or used) Brooders, Feeds, Appliances—Everything at

THE MILLS HATCHERY,
18-3m. Napanee.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. Paul W. Berry and family take this means of extending their sincere thanks to the friends and neighbors, and especially Mr. and Mrs S. Baird, for their kindness and expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of their mother, the late Mrs. Charotte Ann Berry. 21-ap

Burglary.

Sometime between closing time on Saturday night and Sunday night, thieves broke into J. L. Boyes & Son's store. The thieves gained entrance by smashing the back door. Two complete outfits of boys' clothing were taken. The police have a clue to the thieves and arrests are expected in a few days.

To Study Conditions Aboard Ship.

Discomforts aboard ship that make sailors grumble in the French navy are due to be removed when the rising generation of naval engineers begins to build warships. For it is ordered that the young engineers, now in training in Government technical schools, must hereafter get part of their instruction at sea and taste the sailor's life themselves.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark. It has been in use since 1219.

Votes at Eighteen.

All citizens of age, and also those from 18 to 21 who are married and have children are now allowed to vote in Italy, provided they pay 10 lire (just over $5.00) yearly in taxation, or are civil servants, or belong to the clergy of any religion admitted by the state.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Stephen Carr is the youngest of film leading men. He enacts, opposite June Marlowe, the junior love affair in the riotous full-length George Sidney-Charlie Murray comedy, "THE LIFE OF RILEY"

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"THE BRANDED SOMBRERO," Buck Jones' latest production, is the story of an adopted son's fight to retain the family name.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Mary Pickford in one of her latest special features, "SPARROWS."

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

SILLSVILLE.

The ice has gone in a different way from most years. It seemed to dissolve and the high winds broke it up and in a few hours it disappeared completely.

Mrs. Preston, who has been a guest of Mrs. Harry Phippen, has returned to her home in Detroit.

Miss Vera White spent last week-end in Kingston General Hospital, where she underwent an operation on her tonsils.

Miss Mildred Rikley, who is attending Normal School, Toronto, spent the Easter vacation with her parents.

Mr. George Horn has returned home from Kingston General Hospital.

Miss Edith Patterson spent the Easter holidays at her home in Odessa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Barrett, Napanee, spent Sunday last with Mrs. Barrett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickson.

We are sorry to report Mr. Neilson Roddick ill with the mumps.

Miss Irene French spent the Easter recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler French.

Miss Doris Matthews, of Grafton, is visiting her friend, Miss Elsie Magee.

Mr. Fred Dickson is confined to the house through illness.

The roads are in a very bad condition and much trouble is experienced by drivers of trucks and cars. Horses are coming into their own again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loyst, of Claremont, who have been visiting friends here, have returned home.

A very fine musicale was put on in the town hall on Monday evening last, under the auspices of the General Ladies 'Aid. Those taking part were Rev. Mr. Plant, Mrs. Plant and Vera and Miss Margaret Mitchell.

Onions —— Onions

THIS IS SEED TIME

To get the best of Onion Seed—

Dutch Setts *and*
English Multipliers

for planting, try

Perry's Grocery, - 'Phone 130

"We Know Our Onions."

New Furniture and Housefurnishing Store

To introduce our business we offer very attractive prices on the following lines.

Everything new and well selected.

Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Cots, Chairs, Rockers, Chesterfield Suites, Electric Floor and Table Lamps, Congoleum Rugs and Mats.

Agency for high grade Pianos.

As a very special value we offer a bed outfit complete, Mahogany finish steel, with coil springs and felt mattress, for...... $19.75

We invite you to call and see our stock.

Our motto will be to "Sell for Less."

O. DILLENBECK,

John Street. 2 Doors North of Dominion Bank.

SEEDING TIME

IS APPROACHING

We have a full line of all kinds of FIELD SEEDS at remarkably Low Prices, considering quality.

Alfalfa Clover	$16.00 to $24.00 per bus.
Alsike Clover	$10.00 to $20.00 per bus.
Red Clover	$12.00 to $22.00 per bus.
Sweet Clover	$1.50 to $5.00 per bus.
Timothy	$2.00 to $5.00 per bus.

Pure Seed Barley for malting; and Seed Oats.
Also feed Oats, Oil Cake, Flour, Sulphur, and Salts.
Frost Wire Fencing and Gates at reduced prices.
See me for Chrysler Cars, and save money.
All telephone accounts past due must be paid at once.

Fred A. Perry

Opposite Campbell House *NAPANEE*

GILLETT'S
LYE
YOUR OWN MAKE

Save Money!
Make your own hard or soft soap by using waste fats and ~

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

It costs less to make soap than to buy it!
FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EVERY CAN

ALSO USE GILLETT'S LYE FOR ALL CLEANING DISINFECTING SPRAYING ETC.

CUTE BABY FOXES

Few Wild Things Are More Dainty and Beautiful—Wicked Fighters —Mother Trains Them.

In the course of my wanderings, writes O. G. Pike the naturalist, I came across a family of foxes. I first saw the little furry balls outside their earth on the deep sandy bank above a deep pool.

The sand had been taken from the pit for commercial purposes, and on the sloping banks were many delightful lairs for bird and beast. Few of those who passed along the sides realized what a little world of interest there was around. For beside the lair of mother fox many rare and interesting birds were to be found.

At first the baby foxes seemed too nervous to go far from their home, for even in that early stage the slightest sound caused them to prick up their ears, and, if it was repeated, to dart full speed into the black hole that led to their cosy lair.

Puppies of all kinds are delightful and lovable little creatures, but some of the babies of the wilds beat them for good looks. There are few prettier sights than a litter of fox cubs, when their eyes are open and they begin to toddle about. They are so plump and soft and round that one feels instinctively that they ought to be picked up and hugged.

But it would be a brave person who tried to handle one of these small babies, for he would find that what looked so harmless and lovable could be a veritable little demon made up of claws and teeth like sharp needles.

Early one morning I saw them with a starling. One had hold of the bird, while the others were fighting to get it. The one in possession rolled itself up in a ball with its bird held tightly inside, but the other three almost pulled it to pieces in their eagerness to get the food. Which one had the most of the meal I could not see, but all were rather badly mauled as a result of the excitement.

The next time I saw them they were larger. The little fat stumps that sufficed for tails were now of a respectable length, with soft warm fur covering them. As they sat up they appeared to be all ears, and there was a cunning look in their keen eyes. In the evening, and again in the early morning, they would play outside their home, and the games of fox cubs are delightful to watch. There is grace and lightness in all their movements. Even in their play they are artful, and one will always be trying to outdo his companions.

Later on in the year they left their playground and went farther afield. Their mother saw to this, and showed them plainly that there was not room in one small district for such a crowd, for food was hard to obtain. Each went off, making a lair of its own, and as they were in the centre of a great hunting district I am afraid they did not remain long in this world.

When a fox has given the huntsmen a fine run, after odds of a hundred to one have been pitted against it, and it has won and gone to earth, it has always seemed to me to be the very opposite of what a Briton looks upon as sport to dig the exhausted creature out and to throw it to the hounds.

DEFORMED HANDS.

Families Who Have Six Fingers and Six Toes.

The story is that the great-great-grandmother, when she was young, told a lie about an apple, whereupon her parents threatened her with a curse that her children later on would be born with deformed hands. Whether it is true or not, the family of whom the story is told have for four generations suffered from a curious deformity. Ten members have had something wrong with their fingers, some having only two joints instead of three in some of the fingers, others having no finger-nails, and one or two being without fingers at all.

There is a gypsy family named Cooper of which a great many members have six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. One member has ten children, five of whom are normal, while five are six-fingered. The extraordinary point is that the curse affects every other child—that is, the first, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth.

There is a little place called Banders, in Texas, where at least a dozen families are equipped with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. This freak of nature first exhibited itself about fifty-six years ago, and has spread until to-day there are a score or more of sufferers.

PHIL. J. DUGGAN
Sales Manager of Durant Motors of Canada, Ltd., who was chairman at a luncheon tendered the Weekly Newspapermen who visited the Durant plant last week

STOP! OBEY THE GOLDEN RULE

BY ERWIN GREER.

(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The average man who is bent on buying an automobile or an airplane may ask, as his first question, the price of the conveyance offered him, but the runner up query is, "What's the power ?" or "How fast can she go ?"

It has come to be a cardinal passion with the American people, to arrive somewhere in the shortest possible time from a given point of departure. This passion expresses itself most pervasively, of course, in automobile circles for the simple reason that there are so many automobiles. If we do not hear so much about it in airplane travelling, it is because airplanes are still confined to the few.

Nerve specialists are considerably perturbed by this latter-day mania for speed. They find that it tends to make men and women restless and high strung and to reduce their capacity for relaxation. The average person will be inclined to say to the alienist's warning, "I should worry."

Very little is heard these days of speed competition by railroad trains. The competition rather has been in the direction of reducing the hazards of railroad travel. The companies have installed all sorts of safety devices, partly, to be sure, because legally required to do so, but more largely of late on their own initiative because they believed it to be good policy and good business.

After more than a quarter of a century of struggling on the part of psychologists, educators, city managers, traffic officers, police chiefs and such, a universal rule for traffic regulation at last has been forced.

Curiously enough, the new rule dates back several thousands of years before automobiles, semaphores, pedestrian control and such things had come into being. In fact, the new rule is one of the oldest precepts in the world—one that can be applied successfuly to the whole range of human conduct.

Credit must be given to bright minds in eastern cities, as that is where the latest discovery originated. But the thought is spreading rapidly, and now in California cities his rule is posted in taxicabs, amnibusses and all sorts of vehicles. This new-old rule is none other than our ancient friend of the schoolday copybooks—The Golden Rule.

THE CATAWBAS.

Only Two Women Left Who Speak the Language.

Rescuing a dying language is a task which Dr. F. G. Speck, anthropologist of the University of Pennsylvania, has set himself. Dr. Speck recently returned from a hurried expendition to the Catawba Indian reservation in South Carolina, where he collected legends, medicine practices and formulas, many of them in the Catawba tongue.

Languages of some Indian tribes are spoken by thousands of living Indians, but the remarkable Catawba language has faded from use until it is now spoken by only two Indian women, Mrs. Samson Owl and Sally Brown. Dr. Speck was appointed by the committee of research in American Indian languages to make records of what these old people remember about their language and their unique customs.

This southern tribe is descended from the famous Ohio mound builders, Dr. Speck explains. Their language and their blood were passed on to the great Sioux and plains nations.

"The Catawbas spoke a language made up of monosyllables," Dr. Speck says. "It was a much simpler language than the Indian languages in other parts of the south."

CHANGE IN FISH HABITS.

Species Found In Waters Far From Their Own Home.

California sardines in Puget Sound and Alaskan salmon in Southern California waters, where such species have not been known before, are some of the queer irregularities of nature noted along the Pacific coast. Last year's freakish runs of salmon have led to investigations as to whether there has been a far-reaching change of movement of fishes in the Pacific Ocean resulting from a shift in currents or some great switch of marine conditions. Aside from the erratic movement of salmon and herring in Alaskan waters a distinct rise in ocean temperature in northern districts is reported. Near San Pedro a species of tuna unknown before has become an important item in fisheries, and pink salmon have been recently taken off Catalina Island. A few species of sunfish, Monterey Bay sardines and yellow fins also have been caught in Puget Sound waters for the first time.

Here and There

(50)

Victoria. — The area of forest land in British Columbia dedicated to future forest production is 5,360,000 acres, according to a Government report.

Calgary. — Plans are actively under way by the Calgary Terminal Grain Company to build a seven hundred thousand bushel elevator at Vancouver, it is announced by A. R. Betts, manager of the company. Mr. Betts said that an eminently suitable site had been secured on the north shore, approximately opposite Spillers elevator.

Five special trains carrying around 1500 pilgrims passed through Montreal recently on their way to Quebec City and the shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupre also visiting the shrine of St Joseph in Montreal on their return trip. They were from the church of St Aidan, Jersey City and under the care of Father Thomas M. Curry, parish priest, were on their annual pilgrimage to these shrines.

Shipments of freight destined to points in the north-west of Canada via Port McNicoll, Ont., on the Canadian Pacific lake and rail route will now be accepted, the earliest date being April 9. There will be five steamers in the company's lake service between Port McNicoll and the head of the Lakes during the coming season. Through passenger service will be resumed this season from Owen Sound May 7 and from Port McNicoll, May 19.

Installation of Mack Tractors and Lapeer Trailers for rapid movement of freight from Canadian Pacific depots to and from outlying terminals has now been completed in Montreal and will shortly be in use in Toronto. The tractor is immediately attachable to one or more of these tractors which each can hold up to 15,000 lbs of freight and can be as swiftly disconnected. They are expected to immensely expedite the movement of C. P. freight.

Immigrants are flowing into Canada at record rates since lately and Canadian Pacific steamers from Great Britain and Europe are bringing them over at the rate of shiploads of close on a thousand per ship. The majority are farm laborers of British and North European stock and are mostly going in the land in the Prairie Provinces with a fair proportion going to Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

Winnipeg. — Despite the heavy movement of immigrants to the West during the past two weeks, more positions are open on western farms than the railways and employment agencies can fill, immigration and employment officers state. Thousands of vacancies, the officers said, had been reported. Likelihood of an earlier commencement of seeding operations is generally conceded in the West, they added, and unless immigration continues at its present high peak the opening of operations on the land may find western farmers shorthanded.

As the result of a conference between members of the Sheep Breeders' Association, financial representatives and members of the Winnipeg and Brandon Boards of Trade, a movement is under way for the placing of 100,000 sheep annually on Manitoba farms. These will be sold in groups of fifty to each farmer, somewhat similar to the plan now in operation in North Dakota. J. D. McGregor was appointed temporary chairman of a committee to make further arrangements for the carrying out of this plan.

Poultry Wanted.

We pay the highest cast prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
18-1-y Napanee.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Encourages Nature Study and Physical Development.

A symptom, more illustrative, perhaps, than those of the economic and cultural recovery of Austria, since the war, may be seen in the growing participation of the population in sport, above all, the specific sport of Austria, mountaineering.

About 80 per cent. of the area of the present Republic of Austria is covered by wooded hills and by mountains rising to 11,400 feet high. This gives plenty of free playground to thousands, nor does even a peak climber's outfit cost more than a bicycle, $25—or so.

As far as Viennese hiking fans are concerned there are a dozen "climbing schools" that are steep hillsides, fissured crests and cleft gorges of medium dimensions right at the doorstep of the city and within two hours' drive.

These include the Hohe Wand ("high wall") 5,400 feet, with 180 different tours, and the famous Raxalpe, the plateau of which lies from 4,500 to 6,000 feet above sea level and is some ten miles long and gve across. The newly-built cable railway takes you up in fifteen minutes, but a true climber would scorn the idea of being dragged up a mountain by a cable.

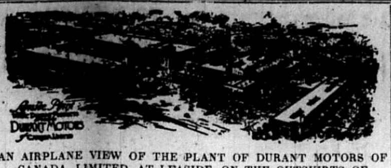
DOGS KEEP WATCH.

Three Act as Night Watchmen In Bibliotheque Nationale.

Dogs now are the night watchmen in France's great library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, in the palace Cardinal Mazarin, built for it, and its additions.

One man commands the three dogs that roam the dark and dimly lighted corridors and rooms, some of them half a block long. Economy was the motive of the young librarian, Roland Marcel, but the patrol has proved to be efficient. The dogs cover every corner and run fifty times the distance of the elderly watchmen whose places they have taken. Also, they see and they smell and they have no fear.

Two of the dogs are from the home of Edouard Herritt, Minister of Publicic Insruction, who has control of the library. The dogs were trained by Mme. Herriot.



AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE PLANT OF DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED, AT LEASIDE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TORONTO. THE PLANT COVERS NEARLY 15 ACRES AND HAS APPROXIMATELY HALF A MILLION SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE. IT IS MODERN IN EVERY RESPECT AND HAS A CAPACITY OF UPWARDS OF 175 CARS A DAY.

An event of special interest to the members of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association was held in Toronto, last week, at the Plapt of Durant Motors of Canada, Limited. On the invitation of the Company, between fifty and sixty newspapermen visited the "home of Durant cars" and saw how these automobiles are built.

On arrival in Toronto, the newspapermen met at the King Edward Hotel, where luncheon was served in a dining room reserved for the occasion. They were royally welcomed by Roy D. Kirby, general manager and Phil. J. Duggan, sales manager, and were told that it was solely for the purpose of acquainting representative citizens of Ontario with the methods employed in building Durant cars, that the meeting had been called.

Mr. Kerby spoke briefly on the importance of the automibile industry to Canada and gave some very interesting figures on the capital invested. He stated that the Durant company bought Canadian made materials from more than 300 Canadian sources of supply. He referred to the fact that the company was now on a divident paying basis and that the cash position of the company was exceedingly satisfactory.

Mr. Duggan voiced the appreciation of the company for the large turn-out and said he hoped that each person would carry away a better understanding of the size and extent of this plant, which covers nearly 15 acres of ground and has approximately half a million square feet of floor space.

Geo. H. K. Mitford, president of Mitford Advertising, Limited, gave a short talk on the subject of automobile advertising, after which the chirman, Mr. Phil. Duggan invited the guests to adjourn to the plant in new Durant automobiles.

THE CHASSIS LINE.

The inspection of the plant commenced at the beginning of the chassis line. The first operation was that of fabricating the steel chassis frame by means of compressed air machines, which rivetted the rivets cold. It was explained that this method did away with the natural shrinkage that follows the rivetting of hot rivets. The cold rivet fills the hole in the frame with metal when it is clinched under a pressure of 20 to 25 tons, thus making the chassis frame as nearly as possible one sturdy piece.

The chassis frame when completed, started on the chassis line and gradually it seemed to gather together as if by magic he various units that go to make an atomobile. The rear axle was put in position, then the springs—all as the chassis moved slowly on the "chain" that inch by inch brought it nearer to completion. Fast, expert hands handled each operation and though it was done quickly, there was no mistaking the fact that each operaion received the utmost care and attention. Finally, after about 15 minutes, the chassis was completed to the point where it was ready to be enameled and go through the baking ovens.

During the period that the chassis were slowly passing through the ovens, a sub-assembly was going on apace. Various units were being installed on the Red Seal "L" head Continental motor to that when the chassis emerged from the enamel ovens, its motor was ready to be installed.

Compressed-air hoists are used for all lifting and one of these handlel the powerful motor as if it were a toy, picking it up quickly and lowering it gently to its position in the chassis. Expert hands soon had the motor bolted to the frame in a rubber mounting and as the job, completed to this point, continued its journey on the ever-moving chain. the fenders and running boards, the steering wheel and radiator were added, as were also the several "finishing touches" required in the construction of a Durant motor car.

This brought the completed chassis under what is called the "hatch" through which the Durant built Hayes-Hunt bodies are lowered, but at tis point the trip of inspection was halted, insofar as the chassis is concerned, and was resumed in the body building plant

BODY BUILDING PLANT.

Of the half-a-million square feet of floor space that comprises the Durant pant, a goodly share is taken up by the body building department, which includes the Duco plant and the trim shop The newspapermen started this part of their trip of inspection at the point where the hardwood frames are fashioned into a four-door sedan, two-door sedan or coupe This frame-work is put together in what is known as "jigs" which, in turn, hold the sections together while they are matched and joined. These "jigs" bind the framework while the glue sets and while heavy screws are driven into place by compressed air screw-drivers.

The wooden framework then slowly passes down the body line for its doors, and the metal work. Hundreds of hammers kept up a continual din as the workmen skillfully attached the metal to the frame and gradually automobile bodies came into being.

As they were finished, they were sent on to the Duco department where it appeared that unusual care was taken to see that each individual body received the utmost attention Duco spray booths equipped with the most modern tools were arranged in such a way as to permit the finest of workmanship with a minimum of waste motion. Still carried along a line or track, the bodies were sprayed and baked, sprayed and baked, until finally they emerged from the last ovens in most attractive colors and ready for rubbing and a final coat.

The last operation, in the Duco department was the striping and here it was again noticed that only the greatest care and the most skillful workmanship could possibly meet the demands of the factory inspectors.

A most unique, self-operating track system automaticaly forwarded the bodies, thus Ducoed, to the trim-shop, were the glass was put in the windows, the electric wires, cables, etc., were installed, the handles put on the doors — and everything made ready for the upholstering. Quickly, but nevertheless neatly and expertly, the finest of upholstering material was put into the bodies.

BATTERY OF MACHINES.

On the right of this "line" there is a battery of electric sewing machines kept constantly humming to keep the workmen supplied with materials It was one of the busiest spots in the whole plant.

Each body was thoroughly inspected before being passed and once passed, it was ready to be lowered down the "hatch" to the completed chassis at the end of the chassis line, and at the point where the newspapermen halted their journey to see the bodies being built.

After watching this work from the upper floor, the visitors went down to the chassis line again, and here they certainly marvelled at the way in which the bodies were put on the chassis. Every move of the mechanics was the right move, at the right time. The body was no sooner lowered than the whole car was automatically moved over a pit. Men with compressed air wrenches soon had the body fastened securely to the chassis and the whole car ready for the brake testing machine.

BRAKE TESTING.

This is a most delicate piece of machinery for all its size. With its aid, the mechanics are able to adjust the Bendix Four wheel brakes with absolute accuracy—and then the car was ready for the Final Test department. This is the most critical department, for every individual car must pass a most rigid inspection before it has this department's endorsation and it must have this approval before it can pass on to the shipping department. Each car is taken out of the plant and run for several miles. When the plant is in full production upwards of 175 cars a day, there is a continual stream of cars going and returning from a proving run. When any defects are found, the car is turned in to another special department that correcs the condition and then he car must pass again through the final test before it is marked "o.k."

The Durant Motors plant covers nearly 15 acres of ground and comprises a series of separate buildings each of which is splendidly ventilated, well heated and having walls that are principally windows. The working lines are all on the south side of the buildings so that the work is done in bright daylight, much to the advantage of the product itself and he men engaged in this interesting work.

When the visit through the plant was over, the newspapermen expressed their delight at what they had seen and voiced their appreciation of the opportunity extended to them by he execuives of the company of thus seeing for themselves "how Duran cars are built"

DESERONTO.

Miss Coates, of Napanee, is the guest of her sister, Mrs Thomas Naylor.

Mrs. Vandervoort, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. D. Rothwell, Toronto, has returned home.

Mrs. H. Covert, of Torrance, is the guest of her parents, Mr and Mrs Gault.

Mrs. R W. Burnham has returned home from attending the meetings of the O.E.A. in Toronto

Miss Grace Calhoun, Ottawa, spent Saturday with Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Vandervoort.

Mrs. John McKenny and daughter, Frances, spent Friday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs David Irish have returned home after spending the winter in Northern Ontario. They were accompanied by their son, King, of Toronto.

Mrs. J. Hodgson and daughter spent the week-end in Belleville, the guests of the former's brother Mr. Joseph St. Louis and Mrs. St. Louis.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, and James Naphin, spent the week-end at their home here.

Miss Ursula Brennan, who has been attending Queen's University, has retured home.

Mrs. Geo. T. Palmer, who has been seriously ill at her home on Thomas street for the past two weeks, is slowly recovering. Mrs. Palmer has been an extreme sufferer at times for several years.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

With the arrival of real Spring weather, there has come to all the golfers the desire to chase the elusive little white ball along the fairways once more, and every bright day now finds the more enthusiastic members of the Golf Club awkwardly swinging the stiffness of winter from their creaking joints.

These early birds are delighted with the re-arrangement of the links. As it has been laid out in past years, it was probably the finest of the nine hole courses in this part of the country, but under its new arrangement it will, for a really sporty course, surpass many of the larger courses. The whole round has been rearranged and greatly improved. Each hole, with the exception of the second and the old seventh, have been made a little harder; those two, of course, being tough enough as they were.

The first green has been moved straight ahead until it is only a short distance from the gully, which takes a sort of turn around it. The lengthening of the hole has made it practically impossible for any local player to drive the green, and now it must be approached with extreme caution, for the unwary player who gets past the green will find himself in real trouble. As this hole now is, with both sides of the fairway lined with trees, an out of bounds garden, and rough country, and with this gully in the background, it will require real skill to approach a par score.

The famous Gully Hole, the second, has been vastly improved by the building of a new green, which is quite level, but with an upward slope. Heretofore the players have often been dismayed to see a nicely placed drive reach the green, and then bound off into the woody ditch beyond. This was due to the fact that the green sloped away in all directions from the top of the little hill on which it was placed, but now a drive which lands on the green ought to stay there, and the new green being more level, putting should be correspondingly more accurate.

The third seems to have been too easy, for the green has been moved far ahead into what was formerly an unused field. The distance is now nearly doubled, and an extra stroke will be needed but as the fairway is level, with no bunkers, this hole will still be a good one for the distance driver, just as the second was made for the player who is accurate from the tee

From the third the play will proceed back down to the woods, as formerly, but again the distance is considerably greater. A group of trees a little to the right of the line of the drive will make a new hazard for the slicers, and the woods in the background will still penalize those who go past the green.

The players will no longer pass through these woods on completing the fourth, for an entirely new hole has been arranged for number five. It runs from the fourth green diagonally across country (on the same general line as the fourth fairway) right up to the tracks where the sixth green has been situated. This will make a long, interesting hole, with the wide rough ditch which bordered the sixth fairway serving as a dangerous trap for approaches.

The new sixth is the old seventh, with no alterations. That is one hole which required no changes to make it difficult. The fence corner which gave it its name of the "Dog-leg" hole, is still a terror to the luckless slicer, and the creek makes a perfect water hazard.

Number seven is another new one, the green being approximately where the old fifth has been. Although very short, it is apt to prove very difficult, for the new green has been very cleverly trapped on three sides. Here is a hole which it is possible to make in one, but which will often require one dozen. The accurate player will shine, but let the drive be off the green at all, and par will seldom be approached.

Number eight is simply number five reversed. The old club house green has been eliminated, and a fine new one built just at the edge of the woods. This will be an unusually fine hole. A good drive will clear the creek, but it must be a clean one, for the steep banks of that splendid water hazard will take care of all bounders. The fairway is long, and not too wide and the woods behind the green make another cautious approach essential. Formerly the players on number five were bothered a good deal in playing their shots, because the players returning to play the ninth had to pass along the fifth fairway. This is now eliminated.

The only change in number nine, the Home Hole, is the fine new green which has been constructed alongside the old one. There will be found few more interesting holes on any course. The long swamp, or swale, makes a fine drive necessary at the commencement, and after ascending the hill, the rocky edges of the hilltop on which the Club House is built, make a very formidable barrier.

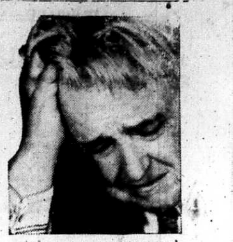
Of course, all these new greens are not yet fit to be played on, but in every case the grass sowed last fall is sprouting, and a fine green film of color is everywhere apparent In a few weeks, however, everything will be working, and the Napanee golfers and their friends should spend many a pleasant day on one of the finest courses in this part of the country.

Glass That Won Wars.

Two of the oldest firms of opticians, Messrs. Dollond & Co. and Messrs. Aitchison £ Co., recently joined forces and now form the largest optical firm in the world, controlling twenty-six shops in London and the provinces.

The late James Aitchison was one of the pioneers of modern sight-testing methods and established the firm bearing his name in 1880. Messrs. Dollond & Co. were established in 1750 by John Dollond, the discoverer of achromatic object glass.

Nelson and Wellington used the handy portable telescope that Dollond introduced. It superseded the 100-foot telescopes used by Newton and other astronomers. Wellington is said to have been at a great advantage over enemy generals who did not have the use of the Dollond glass.



THERE is *nothing* quite equal to Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it *is* Aspirin. The name Bayer should appear on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box when you buy it:

Tablets
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MADE IN CANADA
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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.

Every Town Wants Industries

Every industry, be it large or small, adds to the progress and prosperity of any community. Every such industry brings new capital to a town, and distributes this among the business men generally in the way of wages and salaries. Everybody benefits.

Among local industries there is none of greater importance in any community than that of the local home newspaper. Not only does it provide employment for a certain number of workmen, but it offers a service to the community which could be obtained in no other way.

In their own best interests, therefore, business men should use their local paper for purposes of advertising, and also for the procuring of their requirements in PRINTING. All business men need printed matter of various kinds from time to time. Remember your local printing office when in need of printed matter.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 3.)

did he come upon signs of savages. Toward the middle of the first night he passed a pile of glowing embers, where food had been cooked and eaten, and fifty miles lower down, the next afternoon, as he dismounted at a rivulet, the cayuse shied from an antelope kid that had dragged itself to the water for a last drink. There was an arrow through its neck, and the little body was still limber.

Just before dawn the second morning he turned with the river, crossed the coulee and reined upon the yellowing bend. To his left, a black dot, stood the shack. Three smaller dots were near it—Simon and the mule team. South, on the opposite bank, were the low, whitewashed buildings of Fort Brannon. He bared his dust powdered head in thanksgiving.

The cayuse was warm and dripping. He rode to Shanty Town, loosened the cinch and led the animal up and down before the deserted huts. When it stopped blowing and reached for grass he picketed it on a lariat north of the Trooper's Delight. Then he descended to the building. The light was growing. Already he had been seen from the post. On his hallooing a small boat shoved off toward him, dancing its way against the current. Old Michael was not in it, only his citizen helpers. Fearing their tittle-tattle, Lounsbury curbed his impatience to ask about the shack. Landed, he made for the "bach" quarters on the line.

Fraser was not up. To his "Come in" Lounsbury entered. They shook hands without a word, and the storekeeper sat down on the edge of the bed.

After awhile the lieutenant reached out to put a hand on the other's knee.

"Lounsbury," he said, "I feel like a criminal, but I never dreamed anything would go wrong if I kept track of Matthews."

"Why, we both thought that, Fraser. You're not to blame any more than I am."

"Oh, if I'd only"—

"But we can't spend any time kicking ourselves. After this there mustn't be a loophole. Besides watching Matthews, we must"—

"Matthews isn't here."

"What?"

"Kicked out. We don't know where he is." Rapidly Fraser related the story of Simon's gallantry.

There was another piece of news of lesser importance. An Indian girl named Brown Mink was seriously ill. Her wigwam had been moved to the western curve of the stockade, where the ground was clear, and been changed from tepee shape to the form of a walled wickiup. Mrs. Cummings, touched with pity, had sent her a comfortable bed, while Captain Oliver, touched no less and pleased by the good humor of his prisoners, had ordered that during the daily search of the inclosure the tent of the sick girl be left entirely undisturbed.

The young officer omitted to tell of his share in the interpreter's departure and was distracted over an accident that had befallen him. On visiting his wild pets the previous evening he had found that a box containing reptiles had been broken open somehow and that all his rattlesnakes were gone!

With the first call for the trumpeters Lounsbury routed the sutler in a quest for breakfast. Then once more he sought the river. There was no waiting for men to row him. He found the small boat, headed for the beach below Shanty Town, mounted the cayuse and climbed the steep road to the prairie. Before him on a green stretch between river and shack he saw Dallas.

She was cutting grass in that same swale across which a month before had been tracked the deep planted, labored footprints. As she mowed she moved forward slowly, the bent snathe describing a regular half circle, the long, curved blade clearing a fragrant path. Her hat was off and lay at a distance behind her, where it floated boatlike on some blue stem tops. Still farther behind was Simon, cropping industriously and keeping a furtive watch upon his mistress out of the corner of one fiery brown eye.

Lounsbury spurred his horse to a run. She saw him coming, but, not knowing him, kept her scythe on the swing. When he had covered the greater part of the way, however, she stopped work, retreated to her hat and put it on. Then from beside it she picked up the Sharps.

He saw that, and his jaw squared The blood darkened his face, too, as if the sight shamed him. He spurred faster, reined so sharply that the horse slid upon its fetlocks and swung off.

"Dallas!" he cried. It was not a greeting, but a plea.

The moment was one long dreamed of, yearned for. A woman less genuine might have met it without a show of feeling. She, outspoken and simple, could not. Her eyes swam. Dropping the gun, she clasped his hand greedily.

"I knew you'd get back quick as you could," she said, choking.

For a long moment they stood thus, hand in hand, looking at each other. She saw that he was changed. The glint of merriment was gone from his eyes. His forehead bore new lines. His mouth had lost its boyishness. With her the past four weeks had also left their mark. The old look of high purpose was on her face. But she was older and graver and wore the new expression that Oliver had seen.

She spoke first. "Your mother?" she faltered inquiringly and withdrew a step.

"My mother—is gone," he said slowly; then, after a pause: "I came right after that; didn't stop to settle things. I can go back to the states later. But if I'd been here sooner—it mightn't 'a' happened"—

She checked him gently. "Now, you got enough to worry you without us. We wouldn't go to the fort or Bismarck, and that was the whole trouble." To excuse her father and to take the blame herself, she told him of the refusal of David Bond's money and of Mrs. Cummings' slight.

"You see," she explained earnestly, by way of putting the best possible color to the latter episode—"you see, they think over there that we're trash. So they're bound to let us alone. It ain't that they haven't good manners"—

It was Lounsbury's turn to interrupt. He was tramping about. "Manners!" he said violently. "Manners! What's manners to do with it? There's a lot that's good manners—and cursed bad heart!"

She took up the scythe, brought a whetstone from the depths of a pocket and ran it down the blade thoughtfully.

"I'm going to look into this whole business from first to last," he went on more quietly. "I'll spend the next few days investigating. You got my letter?"

"We went to Clark's for you and got it there." She added that she had feared Braden and spoke of his slack courtesy.

"Oh, well," he said, partly in apology for the real estate agent, "if a man out here don't take off his hat to a girl that means nothing."

"It wasn't the hat," she answered, and described Braden's further conduct.

Lounsbury blazed up again. "I'll see about that, too," he declared. "He must be another sample of imported manners."

They heard the cheery grinding of a coffee mill. As if struck by a thought, she looked toward the shack.

"It's about time for me to go in," she said, a little flurried. Then: "Won't you come, too, and take a snack with us? Marylyn 'd like to see you."

"Marylyn!" He had read her meaning. "Why, Dallas, you don't mean to say that you—that she still"—

"Yes," very low.

"Well"—Lounsbury was determined now—"there's got to be some kind of an understanding. I told you how I felt, and you ran away from me. You shan't do it this time. I'll go to the house, and I'll tell Marylyn just how things are. I will."

"Oh, my baby sister!" she murmured.

Instantly he was all gentleness. "No, no; I won't tell her," he said. "But I'm sick and tired of being tied this way, hand and foot. It was your father first, and now this again—Dallas!"

She could not answer him.

"I won't tell her. I'll wait till—till you do. But you see that I can't go to the house. And I suppose I oughtn't to stay here any longer for her to see. But I'm coming back here tonight at taps."

She shook her head. "Marylyn would be alone," she said hastily, "so—so I can't."

"You will; I know you will. She'll be asleep."

"No—no"—

"At taps, Dallas." He touched the hand that held the scythe upright. She thought all at once how worn he was and white. Another moment he had mounted and was cantering off.

Left alone, she dreaded going in to breakfast, expecting a hurt silence or passionate protests, perhaps tears, and she tried to find it in her heart to blame Lounsbury for not accompanying her.

But Marylyn welcomed her with a question or two, exclaimed sorrowfully at the news of Lounsbury's mother and when the elder girl explained that the storekeeper had been too busy to come to the shack returned a faint smile.

"The brave baby!" thought Dallas.

But Marylyn was puzzling over Lounsbury's true reason for staying away—now when their father was not there to object. He had told Dallas he was busy. That, however, was only a pretext. Finally she concluded that Fraser, in spite of his promise, had made a confidant of the storekeeper and that the latter had seen the hopelessness of his affection for her.

"I'm glad," she said to herself. "Now I won't have to tell him."

Lounsbury pursued a feverish investigation that day and found no one who cared to quibble with him. From the captain, never jealous of his dignity, to the rolly poly sutler there was a very outrush of facts. As they came he received them with pitchfork sharpness, examined them and tossed them aside, which led a wag to remark that the storekeeper was kin to Simon. Yet when retreat sounded he admitted himself hedged in by indisputable testimony. Lancaster's death was beyond easy solving. If Matthews were guilty he was not the principal, only an accessory, to the crime. Nevertheless could the storekeeper have come face to face with the interpreter that day scores would have been settled.

To Dallas, laying the blue stem of the swale, the hours of the morning went slowly. Yet how warm and golden they seemed! How tuneful the birds! How cottony white the clouds that flecked the sky! How pleasant the long, hushing sound of the scythe! And all the while she thrilled with expectancy, and the minutes hung upon each other as if loath to pass.

The very keenness of her joy brought a swift revulsion. At dinner, with Marylyn sitting across from her, she began to see more clearly. She realized she had been dreaming; that for her there was only self denial. She ate nothing, but drank her dipper thirstily, as if to wash away a parch in her throat. Back in the swale again, the scythe was swung less steadily, but with more strength, so that its sharp tip often hacked up the ground. She pulled her hat over her eyes, forbore glancing toward the fort—and fought A thousand times she vowed she would not meet Lounsbury that night To give herself a better whip hand she called up pictures of Marylyn—Marylyn, the baby, all dimples and lisping demands for "Dais;" Marylyn, the child, slender, yellow haired, pale; Marylyn, entering womanhood, still dependent, and in her frailty, her pensiveness, more dear than ever before.

Then, with the sun beating upon her with her temples streaming and throbbing under the heat and the strain Dallas' spirit began to flag. Had she not always borne a hard load, suffered discomforts? There were the women of the post. They knew little toil or privation. The brunt of her mother's loss, her father's taking, had fallen upon her. Was she always to have only sorrow? Now, when happiness came her way—a happiness that another might not have—must she be denied it? Disheartened, dizzy, she left the swale for the shade of the nearest trees.

It was the hottest part of the day, and the life of the prairie seemed at a standstill. No breeze stirred the high cottonwoods; the corn blades were quiet; the birds songless; the frogs hid Resting on the fading green, looking out upon the silent reaches, she grew calm. Then she remembered her sister's confession. Again, in fancy, she was leaning down in the light of a winter fire, looking into a tear stained face. She felt humiliation for her own weakness and for thoughts disloyal to Marylyn.

"When I see him again I'll make him promise to come and visit her," she said. "Oh, he must! He must!" At last, renewed in spirit, she returned bravely to her work.

But the afternoon was not without its tormenting thoughts. And she, who feared no physical danger, quailed before a temptation that was overwhelming.

When the shack pointed a stubby finger toward the east and the mules, with Simon in tag, came trailing home from their grazing Marylyn called her Near the door there wafted out the good smell of corn pone and roasting fowl. She drew up the well bucket hand over hand and washed in its generous leak.

Within the night wind was changing and sweetening the air. As the younger girl bustled about the elder put on a fresher dress and smoothed and plaited her hair. Again that strange elation! She was almost glad.

"Supper!" sang out Marylyn.

Dallas started consciously. She was standing at a window holding before her the broken bit of looking glass.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE thrashers were singing to the moon. Out of the gaping coulee came their chorus, loud, rich and artfully melodized. It mingled, as it were, with the scent that the wind fanned from the sumac blossoms, yellowish green. Moon, music, perfume—and lovers were to meet.

The trysting place lay in billows of frosty white, like the satin dress of a bride. Lounsbury measured it impatiently, with anxious eyes turned to the shack. At the last trumpet strain from the fort Dallas approached it on swift foot, her shadow flitting before.

When he saw her—a slender figure—he leaped forward, eager, grateful. She saw him and halted, raising defensive hands.

"Dallas, Dallas!" He stretched out his arms to her.

"No, no—no, no."

As well try to stem the Missouri. He caught her close and held her. He pressed his cheek tenderly to hers. She yielded, murmuring to him. Thus for a space that was matchlessly sweet. Then, without releasing her, he lifted his head and lifted hers by a smoothing caress of her hair. Then he searched her face long and hungrily.

"Oh, Dallas, you do care!" he said finally, and his voice was deep with joy.

She did not deny—only, "Just makes things worse," she whispered miserably.

Gently he let her go. "But I love you," he answered.

Her eyes were grave. They seemed to blame him.

"I love you," he repeated.

She was too just to forget her own lack of strength. Her eyes clouded with sadness and brimmed. "I hate myself for coming," she said fiercely.

"We love each other. That isn't a crime," he declared.

"For you it isn't, but it is for me, because—it'll hurt Marylyn. Oh, you don't understand! I can't take her happiness! I can't! I can't!"

"It's not your fault that I love you, Dallas."

"What happens next is."

He shook his head, smiling.

She raised her chin as if striving to master herself. "I knew all day that I'd come," she said steadily. "I'd 'a' come if I—died for it!"

"Ah, my dearest!" He put his hands upon her shoulders, drawing her near again.

She stepped back determinedly. "Let me tell you," she begged. "Please. I knew I'd come, so I made up my mind I'd do what was white—ask you to visit Marylyn and talk to her. If you would, if you only would, why, at last, you couldn't help liking her!"

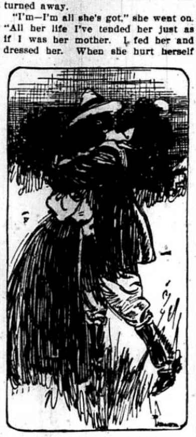
Again he smiled at her, shaking his head. "I love you, not Marylyn."

"You're a good man," she said. "You wouldn't like to see me do anything that wasn't right square. You wouldn't think much of me if I did. I'll do wrong if—if I take you from her."

"I wouldn't have you do anything wrong," he declared stoutly. "You never could. But, dear, Marylyn is a child yet. She's too young to know her own mind, and we're taking her more seriously than she takes herself."

"You don't know how sick and down in the mouth she's been. Just before father—went she got a little better. After that for awhile she was bad again. But I could see it wasn't all about father. There's something else. She's changed so—never talks much; just sits and looks and looks"— She turned away.

"I'm—I'm all she's got," she went on. "All her life I've tended her just as if I was her mother. I fed her and dressed her. When she hurt herself she came to me. Now she's hurt worse than she's ever been, and she's come to me about it. I'm bound to help her."



He caught her close and held her.

"I happened to be the first man she got to know this side of Texas. She'd forget me in a week if she met some one else. If she don't meet some one else, I'm afraid she'll have to be hurt."

Dallas straightened proudly. "I'll never hurt her," she said.

"Nor I if I can help it. She needn't know about us just yet."

"I won't lie to her either."

"Not lie, dear. But you won't refuse to come out here"—

"I do! I do! I'll never come again."

"Ah, Dallas, why should we deny ourselves that much? Why keep apart? I've lost the last dear one I had. You've lost your father. You're alone with your little sister. Come to me."

"You'd take me away?" she asked. "You'd have me give up the claim, to forget what happened?"

"God help me, no! I ask you to share your life with me, your work, your revenge, everything."

"Not yet"—

"I can't bear to see you and Marylyn staying here alone. And I can't stay near enough to protect you as I ought. Matthews is sly. If I meet him I'll kill him as I would a wolf. Then he'll be out of the way. But—suppose he gets ahead of me—does you harm? Your staying here seems all the more terrible to me since I've been east. The idea of your having just Charley to guard, of your plowing and planting and cutting hay"—

She laughed. "Outside work is fine," she said. "Better than cooking over a hot stove or breaking your back over a tub. Men have the best half of things—the air and the sky and the horses. I don't complain. I like my work. Let it make me like a man."

"It couldn't. I don't mean that. You're the womanliest woman I've ever known."

"I don't want you to ever think different."

"Never will. And I don't ask you to chain yourself up in a house. There's a big future in the cow business. We'd take my share of the Clark herd—you'd ride with me—we'd be partners."

"Wait—wait." Temptation was dragging sorely at her heart. She glanced homeward. Behind her the tall grass was running with the wind. She longed to run with it. Yet—

"I'll wait and wait," he said, "long as you ask, if it's years."

She retreated a few steps. "I must go now. Don't think I don't know what you've done for us—the sutler and all that. I'll remember it, but I got to go. Goodby."

"Good night, not goodby," he answered. "Can't I come this far and help you tomorrow with the hay?"

"No, no!"

"Let me send a couple of men, then."

"I'll do it alone. I'd rather. It's all in but this little bit."

"But please go slow. Don't wear yourself out, Dallas."

"If my work was all!" she said sorrowfully.

"If you would come here now and then to me, dear"—

"I'll never come again. This once I couldn't help it. Oh, I tried and tried! But next time I can. I'll think of Marylyn. Why, I'd give my life to make her happy!"

"But your love—that goes where it pleases."

"You won't come to see her?"

"It wouldn't help. But I'll be here every night."

She retreated again. He did not attempt to follow.

"Good night," she said.

"Good night; good night"

The moon was drifting up the eastern sky, and as she went her shadow pursued her. He watched until it blended with the shadow of the shack, then walked far to the left and laid out a beat that half circled the squat building.

"There's just one man I got to look out for," he said aloud. "It 'd be different if I had to worry about Indians."

That moment across the river in the lodge of Standing Buffalo the young chieftain was bending over an uncovered box, holding in one hand the shaft of an arrow, on the end of which was a piece of freshly killed dog; in the other hand he held a willow wand, sharpened. Beneath him, crawling and coiling and singing, were Lieutenant Fraser's rattlers.

The Indian kept the shaft to one side while he diligently prodded the reptiles with the willow. When he had enraged them so that they began to strike blindly at each other and at themselves he lowered the shaft and let them drive their fangs into the meat. And when they were spent with their anger and springing he covered the box and held up the flesh, which had turned from red to green and was dripping dark with venom. Then into it he began thrusting the points of a quiver of arrows.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SMUDGE was burning at the center of the stockade. In its lee, to be safe from the swarms of pestering mosquitoes, sat the hostage braves. Their pipe smoke blended with the smoke of the fire. Their loud gibberish was broken only when shrieks of laughter followed a sally of wit. Their black eyes sparkled. Their white teeth flashed.

Before them were their sons, now romping with the favored dogs of the pack, now gathering to watch a wrestling match between a chosen couple, again lining the way while several raced down the inclosure.

The squaws and girls were also outside the lodges, the July night being hot. They cackled together to the windward side of the lordly males and did not approach except to throw more wet sticks upon the smolder.

The outcast watched the jollity from his dark corner and marveled at it, for were there not two tragedies threatening, either of which should properly lay hard upon the hearts of the village?

One was the nearing execution of the four condemned. Two sleeps ago, on the arrival of a runner from the absent cavalry, a wood wagon had hauled several loads of lumber to the site of the pony corral. From that lumber—it was said openly, and he had told it in sign language to the braves—was to be built a scaffold!

The other tragedy hovered in the illness of Brown Mink. Since her lodge had been placed against the upper curve of the pen there had been much singing, conjuring, dancing and beating of drums. But to no purpose. Daily she wasted. She was dying!

He was not allowed to see her, to tend her fire or clean her kettle. When on her removal he had dared to stop at her tent flap with a string of pike, Afraid-of-a-Fawn swooped down upon him, her long tushes clicking and frothing, snatched the wall eyes from his hold and belabored him with them. He had not gone back. But in secret he grieved over Brown Mink's suffering, and often he petitioned in her behalf and lifted his worshiping vine toward the Milky Way.

In his sorrow his shoulders were bent lower than ever, his ebon eyes were more doglike, yet he still dreamed of reinstatement, for he saw, though he could not understand it, that the warriors were again counting on escape.

They were unkempt no longer, but wore their hair neatly braided and well greased. They ate sparingly and only twice a day. They almost forswore water. And by covert exercise they trained away their flesh. Standing Buffalo and his haughty comrades did not waddle now under a weight of fat. As on the day of their capture, they were lank and stately.

Rejoicing in their hopes, he, too, had not been without preparation. A rusty knife found in a rubbish heap by the river had been polished by thrusting it repeatedly into the dirt. In spare moments he made himself a sinew backed bow and practiced many hours with it. He spent no time in the lean-to. His guard there had ceased. The necessity for food did not take him to the shack. His arrows brought down game, which he cooked. At any time with a sharp stick he could root up his fill of wild turnips. He knew where ripe berries loaded the bushes and where the plums reddened in the thickets. And how could he chance staying out of the stockade after midnight when any dawn might find his brothers free?

Thoughts of Brown Mink alone took his mind from his dream. He yearned to see her again, to mark how far disease had ravaged, to show her that, though all others were indifferent, he was not. And he had determined to tell her farewell, to tell her that he would win back his lost rank. For this he would even break his vow of silence.

The end that he might gain her side hinged upon two things—his reaching her wickiup unseen and the absence of the crone. These he hoped for now as he peered from his corner.

Despite the smudge he could see whatever went on in the stockade, for the sky was clear and the stars hung low. Before long his patience was rewarded by a gradual quieting about the grouped wigwams. As the smoke thinned for lack of fuel the mosquitoes drove the braves to their beds. The squaws dispersed to attend them. The children, tired with play, straggled after. The lengthening night brought a welcome coolness with it. So a sentry soon roared a command from the board walk. Then the only hostage that was left arose slowly, stretched himself and disappeared.

The dwindling pack were the last to lie down. Some wolves were challenging saucily from the coulee mouth. The dogs answered them in long drawn wails. Finally the wolves took off up the river, and the dogs scratched about to find a moist spot and nestled down. There was silence now except when a cur, dreaming of the chase, yapped in his troubled sleep.

Squaw Charley crawled from under the roof and along the high wall, being careful to mark the whereabouts of the brave that was always on the watch. Above him paced the sentries, but these did not see him because he kept in the shadow. Foot by foot he went, making toward Brown Mink's tent.

At last he was so near to it that, reaching out his arm, he could touch the base of a supporting pole. He drew back then and squatted, his eyes on the entrance. Thus upward of an hour went by. The time passed quickly, for it was good to be near the beloved!

Crouched within the shelter of the skins was another who waited—the hag. She was looking down the stockade through a narrow slit. When she judged that the sentries were growing less vigilant she stood up. The outcast heard the crack of her old joints. A moment and she stepped out stealthily and scanned the rim of the pen. Against the sky the figure of each sentry was plainly outlined. None was near. Softly she padded for the lodge of Standing Buffalo.

The pariah leaped up now and took a swift step. But as his fingers closed upon the edge of the tent flap a whispered summons made him pause and glance around. There was a whispered reply, followed by steps as swift as his own. He sank, rolling himself into a ball. He was not a second too quick. Afraid-of-a-Fawn returned, with the chief at her heel.

(Continued on page 7)

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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(Continued from page 6.)

Again the outcast waited, and jealously. Those within also waited, for a sentry was passing just above. Presently he was gone, and Charley leaned forward and put his ear against the tent, when he heard the scratch of a match.

It did not light, and there was a teasing laugh. The outcast sat up like a startled gopher, one hand to his breast, one out before him. Again a scratch. A tiny flame flickered. Too amazed for fear, Charley put his eye to the slit.

Both hands came up to drive back a cry. At the rear of the wickiup the skins were pulled aside to reveal the stockade wall. Of this two logs showed—hollowed out so completely at the base that they were mere shells!

Before these logs, all kneeling, were the hag, Standing Buffalo and Brown Mink. The chief held the match, the old woman a knife; the girl was empty handed. But she was not ill, not wasted, not dying! She was full figured. Her face was round. Her cheeks and lips were as bright as the dab of paint at the part in her hair, as crimson with health as a gorgeous cactus flower.

The match went out. Squaw Charley dropped back to the wall's shadow. His heart was pounding madly with a twofold joy. The hacked logs assured freedom for his brothers, for himself, fighting and rank. And she was still to be won!

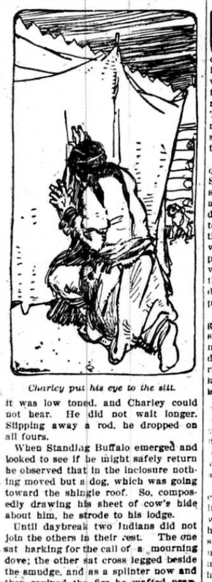
"The work is over," said a man's voice.

"And when comes the call of a dove?" asked a maid's.

"Perhaps when the moon dies."

"Who can tell?" It was the growl of the crone. "The Double Tongue has ran to hole like a fox."

Once more there was silence. A sentry as he neared was humming an unconscious warning. When he was gone again there was more talk. But



Charley put his eye to the slit.

it was low toned, and Charley could not hear. He did not wait longer. Slipping away a rod, he dropped on all fours.

When Standing Buffalo emerged and looked to see if he might safely return he observed that in the inclosure nothing moved but a dog, which was going toward the shingle roof. So, composedly drawing his sheet of cow's hide about him, he strode to his lodge.

Until daybreak two Indians did not join the others in their rest. The one sat harking for the call of a mourning dove; the other sat cross legged beside the smudge, and as a splinter now and then revived the fire he wafted prayers of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit on its upward rising smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE wide valley was brown, with green splots and tracings for slough and stream. The distant ranges were gray. The sky showed the misty blue of the dog days. Far off to the north and west black streaks edged the horizon, where smoke rolled up from prairie fires.

Brannon was quiet to the point of lethargy. Guard was mounted and daily dress parade held ceremoniously. The trumpet blew its unvarying round of commands. There was no hunting and no field duty beyond the scouting of the eastern shore. The hoarse salute of an upward plying steamer roused the garrison to life one morning, but the interruption lasted barely half an hour. Then the steamer, her pilot house screened by sheet iron and her decks a-swarm with infantry, rounded a bend in the river and went coughing away out of sight. Once again interest centered at the site of the pony corral, where a platform was slowly building.

Life at the shack was even less eventful. For Dallas it was a season of idleness. The pumpkins and the melons were swelling. The tasseled corn wanted weeks before it would ripen. The field and garden were free of weeds. With no work to do, alone except for her sister, the elder girl had ample time to worry.

Marylyn saw that she was dispirited and increased in tenderness toward her, following her about with eyes that entreated yet were not sad. At breakfast she spitted the choicest cuts for Dallas. In the noon heat she was at her elbow with a dipper of ginger beer; at supper coaxed the elder girl's failing appetite by offerings of tasty stew, white flour dumplings and pone. As for herself, Marylyn needed neither urging nor tidbits. She ate heartily. Her sleep was a rest for both body and mind. Every afternoon she strolled across the bend to the cottonwoods. The butterflies fared beside her. Overhead between sun and earth hung legions of grasshoppers like a haze. Underfoot bluebell and sunflower nodded. And the grove was a place for dreams.

And Dallas—was a wild thing that cannot tell of its wound.

She uttered no complaint even to Simon. The outburst that followed Lounsbury's return was her first and last. She questioned now if her suffering justified a lament. In this she resembled her mother. A woman coming to the section house one torrid day remarked wonderingly that Mrs. Lancaster gave "nary a whimper." The latter looked up with a smile. "I don't think I'm sick enough," she said. "Other people worse off have a right to groan." Dallas, certain that Marylyn's heartache was the keener, would not be behindhand in restraint, and her sister's happiness, forethought and desire to please all drove the thrust of penitence to the hilt and turned the knife in that secret wound.

She found no solace in Marylyn's friends of the calico covers. Her thoughts were too tempestuous for that. They were like milling cattle. Around and around they tore, mingling and warring, but stilling in the end to follow the only course—self denial. Once so rebellious, she was growing meek at last—meek and full of contrition. She was coming to dwell more, too, on the lessons that the evangelist had taught her. She was coming to think of leaning where David Bond had leaned—she who had always been a prop.

There was the old terror that had stalked beside her down to her mother's death. She had fought her way with it, and the conflict had given her strength. There was the jealousy that had smirched her sister love. She had fought it, too, and bitterly, scorning it because she knew it for a hateful inheritance. Now was come a third misery and the worst. She saw herself as a traitor. This was not mere reproach. It was the torture of a stricken conscience.

Her face grew thin, her hand unsteady, her eyes wore a hunted look. At night hers were the scalding tears that dampened the pillow.

And so the days went by. Whatever pangs of remorse, whatever longing she endured, she remained faithful to the resolution that she would not give way to temptation again. But every night brought the lonely watcher to the swale.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE dark of the moon was come. All that day the sun had baked, and the steady south blow had been like the draft of an oven. As evening came, brushing a glory of red from the sky, the wind quickened instead of lulling and fetched up clouds that rested on the ridge tops and roofed the wide valley. Through these not a star showed. But now and then, for an instant, the post sprang into sight out of the blackness to the weird play of the heat lightning.

In the stockade there was perfect quiet—a quiet tense with excitement. Secrecy forbade any strong heart songs and dances. Caution advised against mosquito fires, and suspense did away with drumming, shrill laughter and feast shout. The aged men, the women and the children kept close within their lodges, where they whispered and nodded, nose to nose. The warriors stayed outside, preserving their calm with kinnikinick. In the dark the open bowls of their scattered pipes were so many ruddy glowworms.

From the pitchy shelter of the shingle roof Squaw Charley looked out. He sat on his heels, about him the few mangy dogs that had not found the dinner pot. One of these stirred. Half rising he gave it a kick, just as one of his brothers might have done. Then he squatted again, and through the ragged strands of his bang his black eyes sparkled eagerly, for of late every warrior's lodge had seen secret flesh painting. Under every warrior's blanket were hidden gaudy tracings of vermilion, scarlet, orange and blue, and was he not painted too?

He had sought in an ash pile for coals, found a beef bone and scraped it for marrow, next taken from his worn pouch a lump of red earth. He had rubbed the coals to powder in a square of rag, after which he had mixed the powder and the grease to make a paste. Then he had pulled off his mourning blanket and his squaw's shirt and bared his body to the waist.

Vermilion, orange, scarlet and blue—these colors had been laid in stripes, circles and figures upon the braves. They were colors that he, an outcast, might not use, but there was one poor privilege in flesh painting that even he could claim. Kneeling again in clout and squaw's skirt he had smeared the black and red in rude signs upon his chest. The braves, his brothers, had painted themselves for battle, but he, the pariah, had painted himself in the colors of death.

Suddenly he forsook the roof for the shadow of the log wall. There he waited. Two warriors had left the lodge of Brown Mink and were crossing the pen. He knew them. The shorter was Canada John, the eldest of the four condemned. The other was a Sioux who had been captured that day and cast into prison at sunset. He was a giant in stature, wore full war paint and dress and a belt that testified his valor, for it hung thick with scalps, some jetty and coarse, taken from heads of his own kind, some brown or fair, with the softness that belongs to the hair of white women and children. The two were talking low together. Presently, as they strolled near, the outcast heard the deep murmur of their voices, then their words. He leaned toward them, all ears.

"How many sleeps before the dove calls?" It was the bass of the stranger.

"Perhaps only another," answered Canada John.

There was a great laugh, like the cry of a full fed loon. "Surely Big Ox stays not long! But how can my friends be sure that the Double Tongue will have horses ready?"

"He claims a reward."

"Ho, ho! And what?"

Canada John halted close to Squaw Charley. "There is a cottonwood lodge beyond the river," he said. "It should belong to the Double Tongue. He is kept out. An old paleface and his two daughters seized it in the moon of wild cherries, and they would not go."

"An old man, you say?"

"But he hunts the white buffalo. Only the daughters are there."

"Are they young?"

"Young and sleek. One is called the Plow Woman. She is tall, and she watches like the antelope. The younger has hair like the grass when it is withered."

"They live alone?"

"The Squaw guards"—

"Wuff!"

"And the Man Who Buys Skins. May he be struck by the zigzag fire!"

"Who is to have the women?"

Canada John scratched his nose. "The medicine giver says, 'He that first reaches them.'"

Big Ox shook his head in doubt. "The swiftest may yet fail to keep."

"Should any pursue, the women will be killed. The soldiers will think them bit by rattlesnakes."

Again Big Ox burst forth with laughter.

"Sh!"

A hammer clicked from the stockade top. A sentry began to bawl angrily.

"Git, you pup eaters," he declared and slanted his gun to them. Casting dignity aside, they ducked into the nearest lodge.

Squaw Charley dragged himself back to the shingle roof. There he fell prone, resting his forehead against the ribs of a dog. The strength was gone from his body, the light from his eyes. The wind of that other's nostrils had blasted him. He was like the scattering ash heaps of the evening smudges where the last bit of fuel was crumbled and the last red coal was dead.

Long he stayed upon his face. When the first numbness was past and his brain was rallying slowly a very scourge of sorrow visited him—sorrow for the fate of the shack, where he had warmed himself so often, relieved his hunger and known a kindly smile. With sorrow came remorse. He had not done his part for the little home. He had not guarded as he ought. And he had helped by bringing rattlesnakes—which he had been told were to be used for medicine—in the plot for its destruction. When sorrow and remorse had their turn a stronger passion gnawed and racked him. It was the yearning for reinstatement.

Dwelling upon this, he became two Indians, and one of him opposed the other. They traveled separate trails—trails that bent different ways, like the horns of a buffalo. The trail to the right was a warpath. It led him behind his brothers, through the hole in the stockade. For awhile he loitered, loath to share in the work on the bend. Afterward he joined them. They were free and crazy with their freedom. He matched his strength with theirs, dared where they faltered, won—won—

But there was no hope for the Plow Woman!

He was back on the other trail, and it led to the gallery where Oliver's hammock swung. The outcast made swift motions with his hands. He was hustled along with the guard. The sliding panel opened. The tent flaps of Brown Mink's lodge were lifted. He was caught in a mad onrush. He was howled at, spat upon. Finally, a bruised, exiled traitor, more despised, if possible, than before, he fled skulking away.

And here was no hope for his honor.

He was back at the parting of the trails, one man again, helpless before the knowledge that safety for the shack meant the wiping out forever of his dream of becoming a brave.

Of a sudden he remembered David Bond. He got feebly to his knees, covering his face from the dogs. The evangelist had laid a charge upon him—no matter what came, he was to think first of the shack. He had accepted it before he knew it would clash with his own purpose. Was he held to the promise now? David Bond was dead. If he were not obeyed, he could never come back to punish.

He found himself upon his feet, listening. Across the stockade he saw the glowworms of the scattered pipes dancing in the dark. But a moment later, when flashes lit up the huge pen, the hostages were sitting as before, their faces lowered moodily.

Still he listened. And it came again, from the direction of the river—the long, sad cooing call of a dove.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WITH the third mourning of the dove a figure left the lodge of Canada John and shuffled to the sliding panel, where it knocked. In tardy answer the wicket was pushed aside a little and a lantern was held up.

"Hey, Charley!" said a friendly voice. A white face peered into a red one, noting the uneven bang and the handkerchief tied over the head like a squaw's.

The Indian blinked at the light and showed his teeth in a grin.

Cursing, though not unkindly, the guard pushed the wicket wide. "Don't y' come botherin' me any more t'night," he counseled as a black blanket and a ragged skirt wriggled through.

The Indian grinned again and did not seek to elude the lantern. Released, he shuffled away, going straight for the post. But the stockade left a few rods to the rear he changed his course and made toward the river. Close to its edge he halted and mocked the signal.

The call was repeated softly. Then call and echo neared by degrees, until the Indian and the interpreter were touching hands.

There was no need for words. The night's work was planned. They started cautiously upstream. Before long they were behind the stables, ready for the second step. It was one that devolved upon Matthews. For it he carried a long knife, single edged, keen and slightly curved, like a saber.

First he tiptoed to the nearby repair shop, where the stable guard and two herders were gathered about a lantern, relieving their irksome hours with cheese, hardtack and various tall bottles that once adorned the shelves of the Trooper's Delight. Unseen the interpreter looked in upon the group.

Tied in twos outside the long barn were six horses, the mounts of the guard. Each of the animals was bridled and saddled. Matthews went from pair to pair of the horses, stealing along carefully. When he was done with the six he disappeared inside. Down the rows of stalls his work was surer and more swift. What noise he made was drowned by the rush of the river.

Now Indian and white ally continued upstream. Beyond the northern sentry line and beyond the sod huts of the scouts they spied the first sign of the horse herd they sought, a herd composed of the sutler's spike team, a four-in-hand used on the wood wagon, Lieutenant Fraser's Buckskin and a dozen or fifteen second choice mounts belonging to absent officers. That sign was a spark on the ground a long way ahead. They knew it for the lantern of the remaining herder.

Matthews turned aside toward the landing. "We meet here," he whispered.

The Indian grunted an assent and made off in the direction of the distant spark.

When he came back some time had passed. A flash of lightning disclosed him to Matthews, who saw that the other was wiping at his face with his skirt.

"How did it go, Canada John?" asked the interpreter.

Canada John laughed. "The herder was glad to see Squaw Charley," he answered, "but he fought like a badger."

"Here is the small boat. When you have finished on this side remember the Man Who Buys Skins is on the other. He will be glad to see Squaw Charley too."

"Have you the oil?"

"Yes." The interpreter felt for the other's hand and gave him a can. They parted for the second time.

Canada John now started for the post. As he went he pulled dry grass until his arms were full. Arrived beside the barracks, he began to pile the grass against the pine wall.

In the blackness Brannon lay peaceful. The sentries were announcing their cheery "All's well!"

The interpreter had reached the herd, where he was taking the rope hobbles from the fore legs of several horses. This done he climbed into a herder's saddle and headed the band slowly up the bottom land. Nearly all the animals had seen long service, so they went tamely enough. Where the road along the bank turned west to cross the bluffs through a break they took it and were soon over the ridge and out upon the prairie. There Matthews started them south. Finally a mile or more below the line of the stockade he completed his wide detour by driving them due east. Beside the Missouri he rounded them up and brought them to a stand.

He tied the horse he had ridden to some willows. Next, having unwound several rope lengths from about his waist, he began to catch and tie others of the bunch. He had rope for only ten. The hobbles fastened three more. The remaining horses were gentle, all but the one belonging to Fraser. Matthews, swearing in English and Uncapapa, tried every device he knew, but failed to catch her.

He dared not waste another minute. Quickly he wound some grass into a twist, lit it and waved it back and forth above his head three times, after which, as a precaution, he took a flask from his hind pocket and going from horse to horse of the string, to the hobbled three and to the half dozen that were standing loose, rubbed their muzzles with the liquor. But again he was unable to touch the "She Devil." In a fury he threw the empty flask at her.

From his hiding place beside the barracks the Indian in squaw's dress saw the signal torch of the interpreter. At once he sneaked from side to side to listen. Then he took a wisp of grass, bound round it a strip of oily cloth and kneeling beside the bundle farthest from the river set a match to it. Instantly flames leaped up. He ran to other grass piles, lighting them one by one.

The next moment an amazed sentry who was pacing his beat by the scouts' huts saw the growing bonfires and called out in alarm to another. Before the latter could reply the end of the barracks was burning. Both sentries fired their guns. The sergeant of the guard answered with revolver shots. The Gatlings spoke from the lookouts. A trumpet shrilled the fire alarm. From the sutler's sounded the clang of the mess gong.

In the midst of the tumult one spot—the stockade—kept strangely quiet. Its guards were collected at the sliding panel, from where, not daring to leave, they watched the growing blaze. So intent were they upon the sight that they took no heed of their prisoners. Therefore no one knew or hindered when the Indian braves, led by Standing Buffalo and noiseless as shadows, filed into Brown Mink's wickiup, crawled through the breach in the log wall and sped away into the shielding dark.

Behind the squaws and children were gathered, with the Indian girl walking boldly among them. Of a sudden they parted. From under the shingle roof there was a sound of struggling, a thump as a body hit the ground, an old woman's squeal of rage. Then into the faint glare reflected from the fire came a stooping figure in squaw's dress that sped through the scattering crowd, shot into Brown Mink's tent and was gone.

Across the prairie Matthews was following after the flighty cayuse, not trying to catch her, only striving to get her out of the way. Buckskin was willful, however, and as often as the angry interpreter drove her off came circling saucily back to halt in the path of the coming braves. The string by the willows, the hobbled horses and the gentle free ones, were frightened by her into stamping about. But the whisky biting their noses killed the hated scent that was nearing. Not so with the cayuse. She caught it. For a moment she waited, head high, ears a-quiver, nostrils spread. Matthews warned the Indians. They did not hear. As they raced on the mare gave a snort of terror, wheeled and launched herself full against the end animal of the string.

The tethered horses set back upon their ropes, trampling each other and pulling themselves free. The gentle ones, thoroughly scared, went flinging away with them, while the hobbled, with no cow pony respect for rope, made up a mad, plunging rear.

Consternation seized the Sioux. They were without boats, without weapons, without horses. They cursed. They threatened Matthews.

"Cross, cross!" he cried. "Your bows are in my wood lodge. The soldiers have no horses and no boats. They cannot swim the river. You will be safe."

The Indians rushed back to where hammers had been ringing for days past. They tore away boards of the scaffold. Then returning to the river, they dropped in.

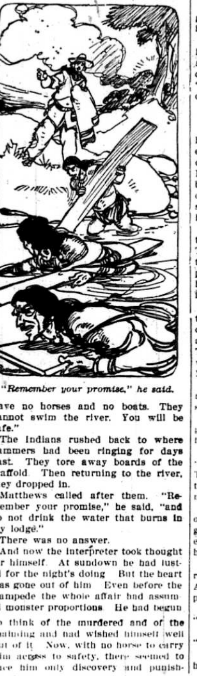
Matthews called after them. "Remember your promise," he said, "and do not drink the water that burns in my lodge."

There was no answer.

And now the interpreter took thought for himself. At sundown he had lusted for the night's doing. But the heart was gone out of him. Even before the stampede the whole affair had assumed monster proportions. He had begun to think of the murdered and of the maiming and had wished himself well out of it. Now, with no horse to carry him across to safety, there seemed to face him only discovery and punishment.

"Well, they drove me to it," he complained. "This wouldn't a happened if they'd give me a square deal." He was wrenching with all his might at a section of the scaffold platform. "I wanted to be decent, and they treated me like a dog."

With this he ran down the river bank and launched his frail raft. "Anyhow," he said, "I'll git out o' this jus' as fast as water 'll take me!"



"Remember your promise," he said.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THROWN down by a sounding board of inky clouds, the alarm shots at Brannon, the shouting, the reports of the Gatlings and the trumpet calls fell sharp and clear upon the shack. Dallas, watching into the blackness from her bench by the door, was up and armed on the instant and leaning far over the sill as if to see the better through the dark. Soon she made out something—a glimmer—that in the beginning was redder than the flare of the lightning, fainter and more fixed, but which, growing as the din grew, swiftly deepened in color, spread wide and rose, throwing into relief the intervening grove of cottonwoods and the form of a man who was racing riverward from the swale. He disappeared, swelling the distant clamor with a cry—a dread cry she had never heard before—of "Fire!"

Presently she went in and bent over Marylyn, touching her gently and speaking low to save her a fright. "Honey, dear, honey. Hop up and see what's happ'ning at the fort."

The younger girl scrambled to her feet, putting out nervous hands to her sister. Dallas quieted her, and they stood together in the door.

And now, across the Missouri, the guns and trumpets suddenly stilled and the shouting lessened, while the glow rapidly thickened into a roaring press of flame, before which darted the troopers like flies in the light of a lamp.

"My, my!" whispered Marylyn, her voice quavering with sorrow and awe. She found her clothes and, keeping in line with the door, began to dress.

"I'll put on my shoes, and we can go down a ways, so's to see close. Shall I, Dal"—

"Sh!" Dallas was leaning out again, her head lowered as if to listen. All at once she turned and, kneeling, felt on the floor for her cartridge belt. "Yes, yes," she answered. "Put 'em on—quick!"

"Are we going down to watch?"

"No."

The barracks and the stables were high, cherry hued pyres, terrible enough to the eye, with their tops crooking northward in the wind. To Dallas' ear they were far more terrible, telling of awful suffering, hinting of direful intent. For the nearer pyre sent proof of a sacrifice. She could hear the screams of a horse.

The belt found, she stepped back to the door. "Hurry, hurry," she said. The old iron resolve never to desert the shack was fusing in the heat of a panic. Her unfailing instinct was hardening a new one that ruled for immediate flight.

Marylyn was working with her shoe thongs, not stopping to thread them, only to wind and tie them around her ankles. She heard her sister exclaim. Then she was seized and brought forward by a trembling hand. "Marylyn, Marylyn! The boat! She's going!"

They looked and saw a black funneled bulk floating across the watery strip mantled by the blaze.

"Maybe they thought it'd burn," suggested Marylyn. "See, there's sparks flying that way."

Dallas leaned back against the door. "I guess that's it," she said slowly. Then after a moment: "But why didn't they bring her straight across? There's no place to tie up down stream."

"Why, there's fire breaking out all over now," cried the younger girl, forgetting to be afraid in her wonder and excitement. "See! One of the little houses is caught!"

It was the first cabin of Clothespin row. Two or three men were near it. At that distance they seemed gayly posturing to each other in a dance.

"If anything is wrong," Dallas said, "Mr. Lounsbury'll come back."

"Mr. Lounsbury!" repeated Marylyn. "Was he here?"

"On this side, by the grove. I saw him start for the fort."

And so their going was delayed.

Nevertheless Dallas' sense of coming danger was acute, and when before long she heard the trumpet again and saw the troopers fall away from the pyres, leaving the flames to their work, she lit the lantern and held it to where were stored her treasures—a lock of her mother's hair, her father's pipe, the letter she had received from Lounsbury.

"You take the cartridge belt," she called to Marylyn.

The other obeyed.

"Ready?" said Dallas and lifted the lantern to shake it.

She got no reply. Instead, gasping in alarm, Marylyn came headlong to her, pinioning her arms with wildly clinging ones. "Dallas! Oh, help"—

Outside there was a sound of rapid running. Dallas flung herself against the door, driving it shut. A second and a weight was hurled against the outer battens. Then came four raps.

"Don't open! Don't!" cried Marylyn. "Maybe it ain't Charley!"

But Dallas, undoubting, swung the door back, and into the room leaped a stooping figure.

It was Squaw Charley.

He crouched and moved his head from side to side, as if expecting a blow or a bullet from behind. His right hand held a bow, his left a bundle of arrows. With these he beckoned violently, shaking the water from his tattered clothes and pointing over his shoulder to the west.

"We're coming, Charley. Dearie stand up. Now, now!" Marylyn was dragged to her feet. The light was quenched. The outcast faced about, and the three headed for the river with Charley leading at a trot.

They paused for the last time near the river end of the corn and close to the coulee crossing. From there Dallas saw that the pyres were lower and that other buildings of the row were ablaze; the roof of a scout hut too, and the prairie, over which traveled widening crescents of gold. But the fire was the only thing that was moving, for not a single man was in sight.

Charley was not watching toward Brannon, only along the nearer bank to the south.

Of a sudden as their eyes followed his a gun shot rang out from the cottonwood grove.

"Mr. Lounsbury!" cried Dallas, starting forward.

"No, he's gone"—

That moment they saw between them and the landing the silhouette of a figure.

It was not Lounsbury's. It was too short and thickset for his. Moreover, it seemed to be casting aside clothes as it ran.

Like one, Squaw Charley and Marylyn bolted for the coulee. Dallas hesitated, then followed. Near the brink they missed the steep road and went slipping, sliding and rolling down the sumac grown side. Then they struck the bristling bottom, righted, turned their feet up it and fled.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HIS face as blanched as a dead man's, his voice pealing out above the babel like a bell, Oliver stood to windward of the double furnace, giving quick orders on right and left.

"Two men there on the major's quarters. Let the guardhouse go. Use your blanket, Flaherty; use your blanket. Sergeant," as Kippis passed close by, "clear the row and bring 'em all down here. Don't let 'em stop for anything. Boys, boys, turn out those horses!"

A trooper rushed up and leaned, yelling, to his captain's ear. "They won't go, sir; they're hamstrung!"

Once more Oliver gave tongue, and directions were sent to the stockade and to the line. A signal light communicated with the lookouts on the bluffs.

Kippis was already fulfilling his charge. Through a gap in the northward sweeping prairie fire—a gap fought out and kept open by a line of men—were coming the women of Clothespin row, each carrying a child and dragging a second by the hand. Behind them scuttled the papoose cumbered squaws from the scouts' huts. At their rear trudged the sergeant, also weighted, and jaunty no longer, but leaving red stains where his naked feet touched the hot and smoldering ground.

"To headquarters!" shouted the captain at the foremost laundress in the rout. Then he turned to his trumpeter. A moment after, the fires and the perishing horses were deserted, and the troopers, weapons in hand, ran out upon the parade ground, obeying a call to arms.

Oliver led them. As he approached the flagstaff the voice of a woman hailed him from the gallery of the nearest house. He sprang that way and was up the steps at a bound.

Mrs. Cummings, who had sought refuge in her own home, met him at the top. "The colonel's library is stripped!"

So it was. One hurried look by the light of a lamp showed that not a bow, not an arrow, remained on the walls.

But there was no time for exclaiming or conjecturing. Oliver rushed back to the gallery and bade all the women and children collect and keep within quarters. Around it, under Sergeant Kippis, he stationed a cordon. Next, and while the house was being thoroughly wet down, the ammunition stores were drawn upon, and extra guns and cartridges were carried into the long reception room, where the women could assist in reloading. Barely three minutes had passed since Oliver sent his messengers. But headquarters was fixed to withstand an assault and to protect its inmates. And now, still ignorant of what had befallen, he ordered the remainder of his men into line.

At this point, with the detachment about to move, a volley of rifle shots sounded from the stockade, another and another. Then up went a great hubbub: "The Indians, the Indians!"

Oliver started his troopers double quick across the square. At the hospital one of the stockade guard stopped them.

"The Indians?" croaked Oliver.

"Gone!"

Oliver turned back.

They met a second man, black faced, staggering, frenzied with alarm. It was Fraser. He caught at the captain's ragged sleeve.

"Shot—other side—they're over there—those girls—those girls"— His breath failed him.

To be Continued.

More POWER
than any other
Engine of its Size

McLaughlin-Buick engine develops more power than other types because the valve-in-head construction concentrates the full force of the explosion directly on the piston and because it necessitates a smaller cooling area. This latter feature also provides more efficient combustion and a valuable saving of fuel.

TESTS prove that the valve-in-head engine as used by McLaughlin-Buick develops *more* power than any other engine of its size.

The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan offers many advantages to buyers of McLaughlin-Buick cars.

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ROBT. McFARLAND,
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Choose Your Home Decorations at C.D.S.L.

GENEROUS ASSORTMENTS - ATTRACTIVE QUALITIES - ECONOMICAL VALUES

With coming of Spring, comes the urge to re-decorate, to re-place, to re-make. First it's the family wardrobe—then it's the home. Now we stand at the threshold of the 1928 Spring House Cleaning Campaign. We want to tell you we're ready to serve you— ready with beautiful new merchandise, priced within the reach of all.

Linoleum Rugs---More Beautiful and Less Expensive

DOMINION
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For the floor that needs "doing-over," why delay longer ? Linoleum Rug prices are exceptionally low for the service given by these truly artistic rugs.

The 1928 patterns are the most beautiful you have ever seen ; a host of charming color schemes are instantly suggested, all are made with a smooth, gloss finish that can be easily cleaned, without effort. With Linoleum Rugs you can say "Good-bye" to the drudgery of beating and scrubbing. Plan for bright days and brighter rooms, with added leisure to enjoy them.

Submit your specifications and ask for prices.

For Window Over-Drapes

"Scotch Madras" is wonderfully popular. It brings to the room many beautiful color tones. At the same time it is light weight material that does not obstruct the light.

May be had in solid colors or in two and three toned color combinations.

PRICED $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.50 PER YARD.

"Rayon Casement," in a thoroughly reliable Sunfast quality, makes an ideal drapery fabric. This is a plain colored weave, firm in weight and exceptionally beautiful in appearance.

Shades of Golden Brown, Blue, Rose.

50 inches wide, **at $2.25 per yard.**

"Rayon Stripes," in Rose, Gold and Blue color combinations, adds an unusually modern touch in artistic decoration.

Is suitable for most windows. Reversible patterns.

PRICED AT $1.50 YARD

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RUGS

Beautiful Wilton and Velvet Rugs Make for Economy and Harmony

Ancient moated Castles—Pageantry and high Adventure—Romantic Olde England ! It was in this period, centuries ago, that the Barrymore rugs of today had their beginning.

The gay and colorful romances of the past is woven into the rugs of today. You will feel this when you see the new patterns and colorings for Spring, 1928.

Bring Barrymore Rugs into your home, and with them a bit of the romance that lived in the glorious early ages.

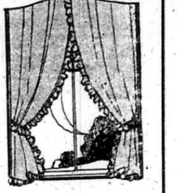
Our floor covering section is featuring sizes and patterns for every room.

Some of us Must Count Pennies, Even Though we Have a Fondness for Nice Things in the Home

An eye for beauty and attractive colorings, and an urge for the luxurious, is only natural, yet economy must be observed. Yet hundreds of thrifty housekeepers in this vicinity know that rooms may be re-changed and charming effects obtained for little expense if purchases are made at C. D. S. L.

Spring Fashions in Window Decorations

Calls Forth a Riot of Unusually Attractive Materials



Consider your windows, they never escape the public eye, they are always on review. How important it is to have them artistically and harmoniously decorated.

Our drapery section has provided a varied assortment of materials and made-up curtains.

Rayon Silk Panels

Are modern and fashionable. They create a richness that is especially captivating. Usually these panels come in all-over patterns and are finished along the bottoms with fringe. Panels come 2¼ yds. long. Panel prices range from $2.75 to $5.95 each.

Frilled Curtains

Provide just the necessary amount of color for up-stair windows. The Spring range introduces many splendid effects, especially featuring combinations of white and gold, white and rose, white and blue. These may be had with or without frilled valances, all are complete with frilled tie-backs.

Curtains are made from fine muslins and voiles.

Priced $2.50, $2.95, $3.50 pair.

Rayon Filet Net

Is a most admirable material for the making of curtains by the pair or individual window panels.

These materials come effectively patterned in all over designs and may be had in either ivory or ecru shades.

Guaranteed to be splendid washing qualities.

Priced 79c., $1.35 yard.

Leave Your Orders Now

Our work rooms are now making up Spring orders of curtains and window draperies. Soon they will be tremendously busy, everyone will want service at once. Why not anticipate your requirements and place your orders now. It will be more satisfactory all round.

Quality
Value
Service

Canadian Department Stores Limited

Exclusive Styles
Dependable Material
Generous Assortments

PERSONALS

Mr. W. T. Waller left last week for Ottawa.

Mr J. E. Robinson spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. J. H. Fitzpatrick was in Toronto a few days last week.

Mrs. W. T. Waller is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bartlett, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lewis, Switzerville, spent Tuesday in Kingston.

Mrs. W. J. Armstrong and children spent the holidays with her parents at Switzerville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sills spent Easter with their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Ballance, Strathcona.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Jackson, Oshawa, spent last week the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bowen.

Mrs. W. J. Armstrong and children spent Easter with her sister, Mrs .Donald Lochhead, Centreville.

Miss Dorcas Randall returned to her school on Sunday, after spending the Easter vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Stanley Hough, Port Hope, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Root.

Mr. Chas. Stevens, Sr., spent Easter with friends in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, Thomas street, are spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Tweed and Queensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens spent the Easter vacation with their daughter, Miss Madeline Stevens, at Detroit, Mich.

Ms Chas. Barnett spent Easter with his aunt and uncle, Mr .and Mrs. F. Williamson, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Lillian Williamson is spending a few weeks with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens, Bridge street.

Miss Nellie Graham is spending a few days with Mrs. Norman Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham, of Oshawa, spent the week-end with relatives in Napanee.

Mr and Mrs. Baker, Montreal, are guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Shibley, New York, Mrs. Alice Gibson, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Finkle, Providence, R.I., and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilson, Hawkesbury, Ont., were in Napanee last week attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Martha Finkle.

Big One Cent sale at Wallace's on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 19th, 20th and 21st.

The many friends of Rev. G. W. McColl, a former pastor of Trinity church, Napanee, will regret to learn of the death of his son, Max, which took place in Detroit, Mich., on Saturday.

Ransellar Thompson, a former well-known Richmond farmer, passed away on Thursday at the home of his sisters, Misses Alma and Emma Thompson, Napanee. Deceased had been in failing health for some time and his death was not unexpected Mr. Thompson had been a resident of Napanee for about four years, since retiring from the farm. The funeral took place on Saturday.

Mrs. Martha Finkle, a well-known resident of Napanee, passed away on Wednesday, after a lengthy illness, at her home on Centre street. Funeral services were held on Saturday morning and interment at Newburgh. She leaves one son, Mr. Harry Finkle, Providence, R.I. ; two brothers, Mr. Fred Shibley, Providence, R. I., and Mr. Geo. Shibley, Napanee, and one sister, Mrs. Alice Gibson, Montreal.

William H. Cadman, a highly esteemed farmer of North Fredericksburgh, passed away on Saturday at the age of 80 years. The late Mr. Cadman had been confined to his home for eighteen months, following a stroke. Deceased was born in South Fredericksburgh and was for many years a resident of Adolphustown township. He is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Bloomfield, Kingston ; Mrs. C. F. Allison, Adolphustown ; Mrs. W. G. Fretts and Mrs. T. M. Asselstine, North Frederickburgh.

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BIRTHS

Jordan—At Adolphustown, on Wednesday, April 11th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Louie Jordan, a son.

—o—

DEATHS

Cadman—At North Fredericksburgh, on Sunday, April 15th, 1928, William H. Cadman, aged 80 years, 5 months.

Finkle—At Napanee, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1928, Mrs. Martha Finkle, aged 85 years, 1 month.

Sweet—At Kingston General Hospital, on Saturday, April 14th, 1928, Clara Elizabeth Sweet, aged 35 years, 11 months.

Thompson—At Napanee, on Thursday, April 12th, 1928, Rensellar Thompson, aged 74 years, 9 months.

NAPANEE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The April meeting of Napanee Branch of the Women's Institute was held in the Agricultural Classroom on Tuesday, April 10th at 230 p.m., with a good attendance. The Opening Ode was sung, minutes of last meeting read and approved, and the Treasurer reported a creditable balance. Because of the large membership of the local Branch and the good finnacial standing of the District Society, it was decided to pay three cents per member into the District Expense Fund. The full report of the Local Council of Women is available from Mrs Raph Ham, for those who wish to read it. Mrs. Laughland was appointed Convener of the League of Nations Society work, to report from time to time at the local meetings, of activities of the League.

The usual splendid paper on Current Events was read by Mrs. Ella Wagar and greatly appreciated by the audience.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the Town Council that the Society has fifty dollars to assis them in placing names on the streets and recommends that work be commenced very soon

Mrs. J. B. Miler, District President, gave a very interesting and inspiring talk on "Heart to Heart Talks with Busy Mothers and Homemakers," urging all to make wise use of their time and create attractive homes for young people.

This being the last meeting of the year the following officers were elected :

President, Mrs. Ralph Ham ; vice-president, Mrs. T. V. Anderson ; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Frank Herrington.

It was with sincere regret that Mrs. Alpine Woods, the only president of the society since its organization seven years ago, was allowed to retire. In well chosen words, Mrs. T. V. Anderson expressed the thanks and appreciation of the entire membership for Mrs. Woods' untiring efforts and efficient leadership, and asked that the same cooperation be accorded the new president. Mrs. Ham then spoke briefly.

On motion, the Sec.-Treas., Mrs. Frank Herrington, was voted an honorarium of ten dolars for her duties during the coming year.

The meeting closed with the National Anthem, the next meeting, May 23rd, to be addressed by a speaker from the Department of Agriculture, Institutes Branch, Ottawa.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

"Green against the draggled drift,
Paint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed."

"Robin down the logging-road, whistles "Come to me"
Spring has found the maple-grove sap is running free ;
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing rain,
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again."

So wrote Rudyard Kipling of the flower that the Canadian lad would buy from an English flower girl. The blood-roots are in blossom now, you will find them peeping out from the large leaf that has sheltered the bud from the snow and frost and when the sun is warm a little white star-like flower will open and show its golden stamens. But the loveliest of our spring blossoms is the hepatica, sometimes called liverwort becase the leaves of last year, often a deep red, are the only ones seen in the early spring when the exquisite white, pink, mauve or blue blossoms open to look upon a world returning to life after its long sleep. May flowers, the children call them, though by May all the hepaticas will have gone. The Spring beauty, the dainty little plant with pale pink blossoms veined with deep rose, comes at the same times as the hepaticas. It shuts up its petals if the sun i' not on them and can hardy be seen on a dull day. Now that the flowers are coming again, let us gather them in moderation. So many of our loveliest wild flowers have almost entirely disappeared from the woods. The trailing arbutus used to grow wherever the land was rocky. It is said to still blossom on some of the islands of the Rideau lakes, because no one could get at it to pull it up roots and stem. Near all the towns and cities you will meet on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, parties of children carrying faded wild flowers and leaving many of them on the road as they pass, and now the motorist is added to the menace of our Canadian wild flowers.

• • • •

It is interesting to all women belonging to societies to hear that a branch of the Women's Institute has been organized in Matabeleland, South Africa, and from Stoney Creek, Wentworth County, Ontario, to South Africa, is a far cry, but not too far for the story of what the Institues have done for Canada to travel. The government of Southern Rhodesia has granted fifty pounds for publicity. Natal, too is going to have the Institute. Miss Ferguson, of the Home Economies department of the Union Government of South Africa, has written to Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent of Institutes in Ontario, for literature. Good luck and congratulations to the Women's Institute of South Africa.

• • • •

The division of the Girl Guide Association of Leeds, Frontenac and Lennox and Addington with Mrs. I. G. Bogart, Kingston, as Commissioner, has a camp on the shore of Lake Ontario, which is going to be the head quarters camp for the division this summer. Already some of the Guides from the Kingston companies have gone out on hikes and as there is a good house on the camp site, it will soon be possible to spend week-ends there. Picton is organizing guide companies and may come into the division. The Guide movement is a fine one. Healthy, happy girls, with interest in the best things of life will not be the girls who make sensational headlines in the newspapers. The Guides learn many useful things, to cook, to sew, to keep their bodies fit and the first aid and home nursing classes show them how to help others. At the camp they learn to swim from competent teachers and the shore is low and quite safe. While the girls help in many ways, there is a good cook in the kitchen, so that the food will be nourishing and appetizing.

• • • •

Freshen up the house this spring. It is surprising what a few rolls of paper and a few pots of paint will do. If your curtains are faded, dye them, some of the prettiest curtains are simply a cheap scrim dyed with some of the dyes that do not need boiling. Then if you have silk curtains and want a change, or if you have bought some chintz covering for your furniture that will not go with the curtains, get a shade you think will match some tone in the chintz and give the curtains a dip. Never mind if there is a pattern, it will all blend

• • • •

The ladies who are planning to run tea rooms and gift shops or depots for work, are busy decorating the rooms and arranging the furniture for they realize that before long the tourist will be with us. One of the tea rooms of which we have heard, which is in a town where the women read this column, will have the pretty quilted cushions so much in demand, for sale Another in a little village is going in for home made marmalade and jam, cream cheese in small jars and even pickles and chilli sauce. The latter can be made from tinned tomatoes if your supply has run out. Then too, the tea room will have nothing but home made food and good cream for the tea. If the tea is a success the girls who are running the the house, an old one on the highway, with a colonial porch and long windows, will go in for luncheons and dinners, but they are wisely trying the tea room first.

• • • •

Already we can buy rhubarb, but not Canadian rhubarb as yet. There are several ways of cooking rhubarb and the one in which the smallest quantity of water is used gives the best result. The pink stalks we can get now should be peeled very little, if at all, for the skin is tender. The strawberry rhubarb that is home grown will look all the prettier if you leave some of the outer skin. Cut it in small pieces and shake the required amount of sugar over it and let it stand for several hours. You will find it has made a syrup for itself and you will require very little water, and your cooked rhubarb will be pink Baked rhubarb done in the same way, only cooked in an oven in a covered dish is delicious, with a clear, pink juice. The reason the far-famed rhubarb pie "mother used to make" was so good was that she used hardly any water, but let the rhubarb stand with the sugar mixed with it before she put it into the pie.

—o—

"And they brought young children to Him that He should touch them : and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased and said unto them. Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands on them, and blessed them." Mark 10, 13-16.

Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it chimeth to even song.

A BIBLE LOVER.

—o—

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

VALUABLE TRAINING.

The growing recognition of the importance of first aid knowledge among industrial workers is exemplified in the annual report of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada.

Employees of the company's construction forces and other branches of the service have received a thorough training in first aid work. As a result, they have been able to render help in critical circumstances, not only to fellow employees but to other victims of accident or mischance, to the saving of both life and property. Of the company's male plant staff, numbering upwards of 4,400, over seventy-six per cent are now qualified first aiders.

—o—

Jonteel Face Powder the largest selling powder on the continent. Regular 50c., 2 for 51c., at Wallace's One Cent sale.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. *The Great English Preparation.* Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins ● Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy. Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5 ● Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. ● *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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